NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

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Geoffrey Beattie takes his mum to the seaside

Alexander Cockburn on miners in the US and USSR

Daniel Day Lewis: An Interview

Plus 16 page booklet: This Food Business

Northern Ireland: Out of the Impasse

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DEVELOPING SERVICES TO MEET THE NEEDS OF WOMEN WITH HIV, ARC AND AIDS

This is a multi-disciplinary course for employees from the voluntary and statutory sectors who are in the process of developing and/or reorganising their services to meet the needs of women with HIV infection, and for women with HIV infection, ARC and AIDS.

The aims of the course are as follows:

☆ To provide relevant up-to-date information about women and HIV infection to participants ☆ To explore the services that are likely to be affected by the increase in number of women with the virus ☆ To discuss the development of strategies to support women employees with the virus within the workplace ☆ To discuss the possible changes that may need to take place for service delivery to be effective and relevant to women and explore the financial implications for organisations

☆ To develop strategies for meeting future needs

Dates: 24th 25th 26th October, Price: £103.50 (inclusive of VAT)

LIVING AND WORKING WITH AIDS

The aim of this three-day residential workshop is to offer participants the opportunity to explore a range of options and the chance to develop the skills needed to set up support structures for themselves and for people affected by HIV, ARC and AIDS.

The following areas will be covered:

☆ Developing basic counselling skills ☆ Simple relaxation techniques ☆ Complementary health care and good nutrition ☆ Setting goals and developing strategies ☆ Using resources effectively and networking ☆ Establishing equality for ourselves and others.

Practical and experimental work will take place in large and small group settings and through working in pairs. Participants will be invited to develop their own personal strategies for the future and strategies, where relevant, for the workplace.

This is a residential workshop starting on the evening of Monday and finishing on Thursday at 4 pm.

Dates: 11 - 14 Sept (or 6 - 9 Nov). Price: £230.00 inclusive of VAT

WOMEN AND HIV INFECTION

This course is for women with HIV infection, ARC and AIDs, paid and unpaid employees in women's organisations, women working in refuges, and for homeless, alcohol and drug projects and women active within the community.

The aims of the course are as follows:

☆ To discuss what services are currently being offered to women with HIV infection by the voluntary and statutory sectors, by womens organisations and by self-organised groups ☆ To look creatively at ways in which womens organisations and services provided for women by women might act to meet the needs of women affected by HIV infection ☆ To explore effective ways of influencing the range and scope of current and future services provided by the statutory sector.

Dates: 27th 28th 29th Nov Price: £50 inclusive of VAT

DEVELOPING SERVICES TO MEET THE NEEDS OF DRUG USERS AND EX-DRUG USERS WITH HIV, ARC AND AIDS

AIMS

☆ Provide relevant information about drug users and ex-users and HIV, ARC and AIDS ☆ Outline current awareness in relation to needle availability and user education; harm reduction strategies; HIV and drug issues specific to women and children ☆ Discuss current medical information and look at current research and theoretical approaches ☆ Explore issues of equal opportunities and strategies to improve service access for users and ex-users ☆ Discuss service provision issues for users as they relate to female and male sex workers, transsexuals, young and homeless people ☆ Consider the development of drugs policies and the legal implications of possible changes ☆ Develop skills for talking to drug users/ex-users about sex.

Dates: 12th, 13th and 14th Dec Price: £103.50 inclusive of VAT

CARING FOR BABIES AND CHILDREN AT RISK OF HIV INFECTION

For field social workers, parents, foster parents, nursery, health, adoption and fostering workers.

The aims of the course are as follows:

☆ To provide relevant up-to-date information about children and HIV infection to participants ☆ To explore issues relating to the care of babies, children, their families and carers ☆ To discuss the management of current services to the above and develop strategies for providing services in the future.

This is a three day non-residential course which will take place at London Lighthouse.

Dates: 17 - 19 Oct Price: £103.50 inclusive of VAT.

DEVELOPING ANTI RACIST SERVICES TO MEET THE NEEDS OF BLACK PEOPLE WITH HIV, ARC AND AIDS

This course is for anyone in the public, voluntary private sectors whose main task is to organise and provide services for people affected by HIV, ARC and AIDS.

The course will examine the relationship between AIDS & RACISM as well as to develop strategies to ensure that Black people and other racial and national minority groups have equal access to available services.

Dates: 4th to 6th Oct. Price: £103.50 inclusive of VAT.

MEDICAL INFORMATION ON HIV INFECTION, ARC AND AIDS

This information will be presented through six 2 hour sessions and is aimed at people who have had little or no good quality information about HIV infection, ARC and AIDS.

Issues covered will include:

☆ The history of the virus to date ☆ What testing for the HIV anti-body means ☆ How the virus affects the human body ☆ What the distinctions and areas of overlap are between HIV infection, ARC and AIDS ☆ How orthodox and complementary health carers have responded to HIV infection, ARC and AIDS.

These information sessions will run for six consecutive Thurdays, from 6.00 pm - 8.00 pm, starting Thursday 7 Sept 1989

Price: £30 including VAT.

All enquiries about these and other courses to:

Marie Wright, Course Organiser, London Lighthouse, 111/117 Lancaster Road, London W11 1QT. Telephone (01) 792 1200.

L O N D O N L I G H T H O U S E

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Due to a paper shortage, NSS has temporarily had to be cut back to 48 pages. Apologies to our readers. Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible

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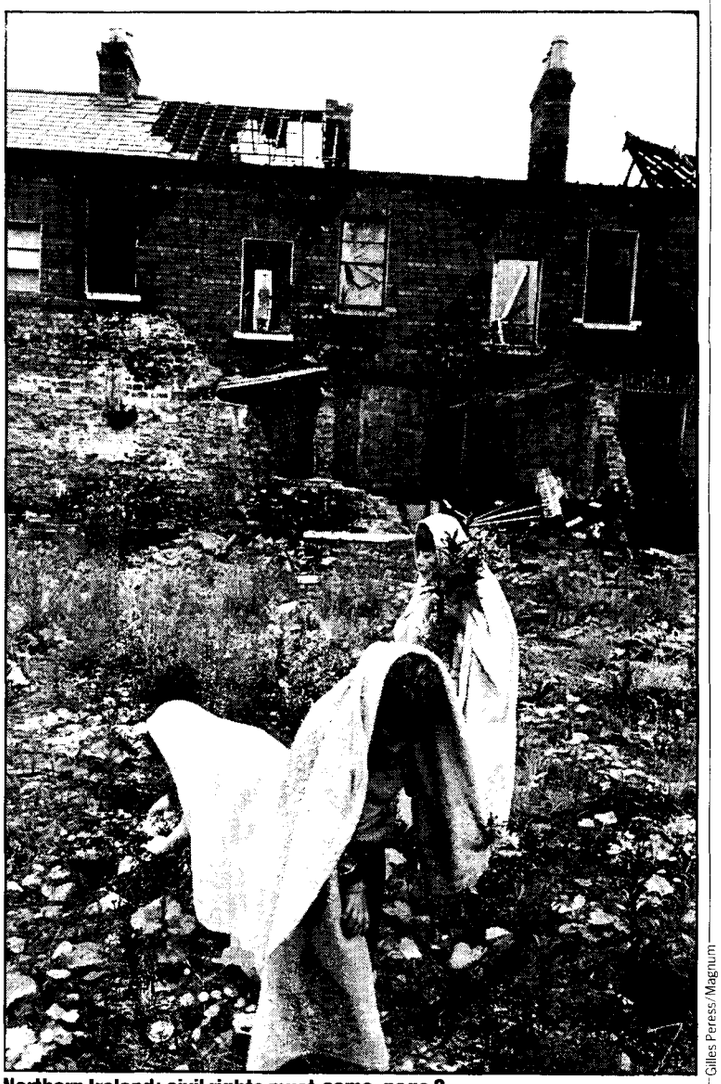

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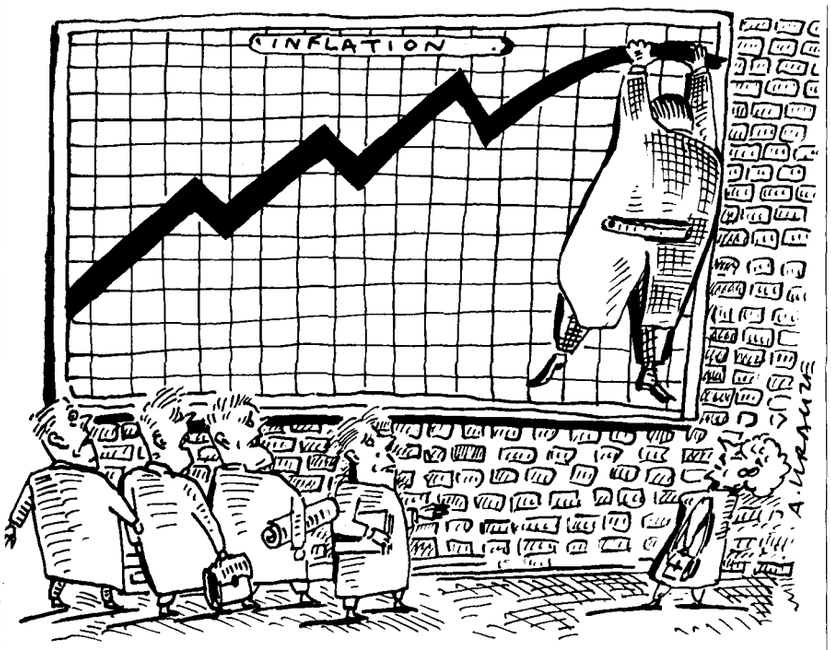
EDITORIAL

Price of victory

The Tories cannot master inflation. What should be the policy of the Labour opposition?



Andrzej Krauze

It's likely that the current inflation rate will prove to be the peak for the present cycle. What the quirks of mortgage rates give, they also take away. Last August, the mortgage rate rose. This month, it has not done so. The arithmetical result will be to leave the annual inflation rate falling from the embarrassing June level of 8.3 per cent and, from the government's point of view, not a moment too soon. The new figure will be announced in September, just as the unions are limbering up for the new pay round. The one thing that could still go seriously wrong with the Chancellor's hopes of bringing down inflation, such a key to the Tory claim of competent economic management, is if the pay round takes off. Pay comprises about two thirds of all employers' costs.

The risks are real enough. The rise in average earnings, a comfortable 7.5 per cent for much of the period since the end of the recession in 1981, has edged up to 9.25 per cent. It understates the genuine pressures for higher pay because it includes each month all the people whose pay has not changed as well as those who have negotiated new settlements. A better guide to the movement of pay deals is the CBI's pay databank, which shows an acceleration over the last year from 5.9 per cent to 7.5 per cent. Add on overtime, regrading and all the other elements of wage drift and you begin to build a worrying picture for the winter. The twin Achilles heels of every British economic strategy since the war— excessive pay inflation and an excessive propensity to import—are proving just as enfeebling of the Grantham verities as ever they were of the Butskellite ones.

This is the most remarkable political development. After all, the Prime Minister was elected in 1979 on the prospectus of sweeping away all the compromises of the old consensus, and establishing a new world. Mr Lawson now develops a convenient amnesia when he is reminded that in his budget speech in 1988 he hailed the economic miracle which his policies had wrought. These days, it is merely a moderate improvement. With the government on the run, with the outside chance of inflation even hitting the magic 10.3 per cent which the Tories inherited from the hapless Mr Denis Healey, why has the opposition not been able to chisel cannon balls from the Chancellor's discomfiture? The answer, of course, is exactly the same reason why the opposition was never able to make political capital out of the charge that the government had raised taxes despite their promises to lower them. The bottom line is that the electorate do not believe that Labour would do any better.

If the opposition says it was the tax cuts in the 1988 budget which were very largely to blame for our present economic troubles, a perfectly arguable and probably correct case, does the opposition intend to reverse them? Not while it can remember what happened to poor Senator Mondale it will not. There is nothing in the Labour Party's recent policy review to suggest that it has new proposals to reduce inflation. It has avoided any mention of incomes policy for fear that it will bring on Mr Ron Todd's twinges, and the rest is just guff. Maybe Mr John Smith, maybe with the aid of some credit controls here and a nudge to a union leader there, could have done better than Mr Lawson. But he would say that wouldn't he?

If Labour's Treasury team want to put Mr Lawson up against the wall, as opposed to merely hoping that he will win the election for them, then they are going to have to take a leaf out of their Antipodean cousins' book and outflank him. At the minimum, this means committing themselves to putting sterling into the European Monetary System. That is the old Alliance policy, and it is pretty weak beer, though it offers some luscious House of Commons gibes while the fault line between numbers 10 and 11 remains open.

There are three more robust alternatives. The first is yesterday's policy of controlling incomes, a plan which looks less likely with each passing year that pay rises most at the top of the non-unionised tree. The second is to give some independence by charter to the Bank of England to run monetary policy on the grounds that the Tories merely use their discretion to bribe the electorate and ruin our economic prospects. A Bundesbank or a Federal Reserve for Britain would ensure that no kind-hearted politician could say yes to every demanding interest group and hope to print their way out of trouble. The third is the espousal of an independent central bank for Europe as a whole, with a single European currency. Each policy has its merits and its disadvantages, but it is at least a clear alternative to the cries of "trust me" from the government. Without a clear alternative, it is unlikely that the Labour front bench will be able to land the hits it so badly needs

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Rates of exchange

How much is a life in Lebanon worth? For the dozens of civilians caught this week, as every week, in Beirut's cross-fire and shell-blast, less than zero. For Joseph Cicippio, reprieved captive of the Revolutionary Justice Organisation, the sky's the limit. George Bush hammers the hot lines. The Sixth Fleet steams, but not too fast. Iran's new president Rafsanjani seizes a chance, through the local Hezbollah warlords, to dish his rivals and show a chink of light to the west. Meanwhile the American's captors do their own arithmetic, and demand 450 Israeli-held militants as well as the return of Hezbollah chief Sheikh Obeid.

The logic of hostage-taking rests on this multiplier-effect. Lives that matter most belong to expats who can stand proxy for the self-respect of major powers. One high-value prisoner wipes out billions of dollars and thousands of troops. Kidnappers know the score, and act accordingly. This brutal calculus offers the best hope of survival and release to Cicippio, Terry Waite and their 13 western fellow-captives.

But Marrack Goulding, the UN peace-keeper now settled in for a diplomatic long haul, must make one other leap of faith. This is to assume that third-party puppet-masters—Iran and Syria, with Algeria as mediator—can really pull the strings. All it takes for disaster is for one link in the chain of influence that ends in the basement hide-outs of south Beirut to slip for a few hours, or a few minutes. Amid anarchy, error thrives. A power-cut, a skirmish in the street, a car delayed at a road-block, and some crucial message fails to arrive. Lebanon's civil war heralds the collapse of the postwar global settlement, with its delusion that rival statesmen could make or break crises almost single-handed. As radicals welcome the waning of super-power hegemony, they should think of Beirut, and pray that the future will not look like that.

In place of sniggers

We must learn to love the condom, says the British Safety Council, launching its National Condom Week—or at any rate learn to stop sniggering at it. According to "Harley Street stress expert" Dr Malcolm Carruthers, "Those who feel nervous about purchasing condoms should deliberately go out and buy a number of packets in a variety of situations."

But the campaign is off to a bad start. Dr Carruthers, contacted by this magazine, comments: "I think the case for heterosexuals using condoms has been"—no sniggering —"overinflated". Heterosexuals are not at much risk from Aids, he says, and adds that "far too much money has been spent on promoting condoms." This is a milder version of the view put forward by the sexy *Sun* doctor, Vernon Coleman, that it is simply a "myth" that Aids threatens heterosexuals.

Dr Coleman is right about this much: heterosexuals change their partners about a tenth as frequently as homo-sexuals, and so HIV infection will spread through the hetero-sexual population very much slower than it has through the gay population. Also, heterosexual women are slightly more likely to be infected than infect, simply because they are on, so to speak, the receiving end of sex (unlike gay men who can be on either end) and so this will slow any heterosexual epidemic. But many experts now think that straight sex is, in itself, as effective a transmission route for HIV infection as gay sex. This is because HIV isn't only spread by the virus directly entering the bloodstream. It's also spread through *some* kinds of skin/fluid contact without blood being present; and in fact it's pure anti-gay propaganda to suggest that anal sex is always a bloody, violent affair.

We all stopped believing in "neutral" science some years ago, but it's alarming to see this particular debate steered so firmly by hidden political hands which make it hard for the layperson to arrive even at an approximation of the truth. Add to this most people's justified scepticism at all govern-ment advertising, and their blindness to even very serious distant risks, and you quickly see that it's more than sniggers that National Condom Week has to combat.

No worms for Mr Byatt

With a great fanfare, the new Director General of Water Services, Ian Byatt, "set out his stall" this week, and was toasted by journalists with honest Thames tap water. His duties: independent regulator and public watchdog of the privatised water industry. In other words, he's there to protect our interests after November. It will be up to him to check that we're not being charged too much for what we're getting, always bearing in mind that the new water utilities have to make a profit for the investors. If your water pressure drops or the tap runs dry, he's your man. He will also make sure water authorities answer letters promptly, but not too promptly, for that might make the price of water unacceptably high.

All in all, Mr Byatt has a remarkably boring job. Not for him the task of making sure our drinking water is free of aluminium residues, or of preventing worms from breeding in the filter beds. It remains the Environment Secretary's duty to fix safe levels to ensure wholesome drinking water and to take "enforcement action to secure compliance" by the new utilities. The British government is still holding out for a 1995 deadline "at the earliest" to bring drinking water up to EC standards agreed in 1985. No interfering watchdog will be allowed to meddle there.

Spanish customs

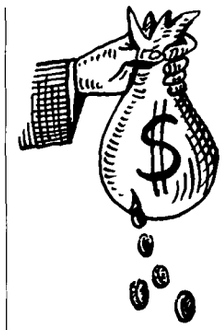
There's no mystery about why horror stories from Spain are dominating the front pages of the tabloids. That's where their readers are. During August the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sun* become the local press of the Spanish coastline.

Franco's sudden and uncontrolled economic liberalisation transformed fishing villages into tourist cities without having to bother with the costly infrastructures that constrain and sustain cities in more bureaucratic economies.

Some lessons can be learned from the black hole of the Costa Dorada. Our own ageing dictator seems bent on reducing Britain's own infrastructure to the standard set by typhoid-infested Salou. Many of the descriptions of unsafe water, filthy streets, and absent facilities seem familiar to anyone who has stayed at home in Britain.

More importantly, tourism is an example of an industry where an unrestricted free market can work only in the shortest term. Economic growth in Europe has devastated the coastlines of Greece, Spain and Turkey. The effects on far eastern countries, especially Thailand have been a lot worse. In the coming decades, the numbers of tourists will increase many times over—what will they do to the world?

Meanwhile, to the victims—the huddled masses in Spain— seaside boarding houses and bingo on the pier must be starting to look attractive once again.



The White House says there can be no question of unfreezing Iranian assets in the US in exchange for hostages. That would be ransom, says Marlin Fitzwater, and the United States does not pay ransoms. Except that it does. In 1981 the Carter administration unfroze $8 billion of Iranian assets to secure the release of the hostages held in the Tehran embassy. In fact, Carter jumped at the chance to do a deal. Moral for Bush: launch a mission to rescue the hostages, crash a few helicopters in the desert—and suddenly, *buying* your way out of trouble will look like a refreshingly simple solution.

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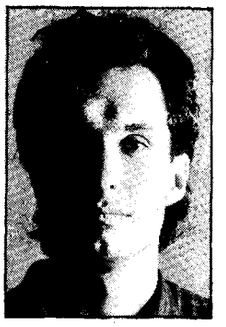
DIARY



Sean French

Here is a remarkable coincidence. Last week I had a discussion with an aunt about probability. I wanted to know how many people you would need to assemble in one room before the odds on two of them sharing a birthday would be even.

I assumed that it would be a fairly easy calculation for two people with fairly logical minds. We struggled for an hour or so, covering bits of paper with figures and then our brains gave out entirely.

I imagine that readers with mathematical training will probably be chuckling contemptuously, while those without it will probably consider the whole exercise trivial, or a waste of time. That is part of the point.

I had remembered reading about a study a few years ago, of which one of the principal findings was that people who believed in ESP and similar pseudosciences were particularly bad at assessing probability. Because of this they had a tendency to be astounded by phenomena which were entirely unremarkable.

The birthday problem I've mentioned above is typical. Many people when asked the question confuse it with the odds on a *particular* birthday being shared, or they think the number must be half of the number required to give a 100 per cent probability (that is, 366, one more than the total of available birthdays).

I remembered that the figure was amazingly low but couldn't work it out. I made a mental note to myself that I would find a book that would explain it to me and a further note wondering where on earth I would find such a book.

On my return to the *NSS* office, in an act of positively Koestlerian serendipity, I discovered that someone had sent me a book that told me exactly what I wanted to know.

The publishers, Viking, had sent me an American edition of *Innumeracy: Mathematical Illiteracy and Its Consequences* by John Allen Paulos (to be published in Britain in November). Among other things, the author demonstrates with admirable clarity that only 23 people are required for the chances of any two or more of them sharing a birthday to be better than even. (If anyone wants the calculations they can write to me, or better still wait for the book.)

Were Arthur Koestler alive today, he would consider the arrival of the book as one of those coincidences demonstrating a mysterious order behind events. Colin Wilson would have written a book about it. Professor Paulos would scoff. In his own words: "The paradoxical conclusion is that it would be very unlikely for unlikely events not to occur." And unlikely events seem miraculous because of our own innumeracy.

There has been a lot of discussion recently about illiteracy and the subject is given substantial space in the press, generally, I suspect because journalists are language rather than science people. I sometimes feel that I could fill up this column every week with examples of mistaken language use from the newspapers. (This week I would cite the *Sunday Times* television previewer who identified Winston Churchill and John Kennedy as exceptions to the claim that the art of oratory is dead.)

It would be difficult to imagine the press giving the same attention to mathematical errors (though the *Spectator* ran an interesting series on misleading uses of statistics, which now seems to have come to an end).

But, if anything, our (Britain and America's) record on numeracy is worse than that on illiteracy. Indeed, it is a well known statistic that the average Japanese school student in mathematics would be placed in the top one per cent in Britain.

Consequently there are large parts of our public and political life that we are unable adequately to assess, such as questions of varying risk, for example, or the reliability of polls.

At least illiterates are generally aware of their linguistic deficiencies. Where numbers are concerned we tend to rely on common sense but many questions of probability are counter-intuitive.

One famous example that Paulos quotes is the following: in a family of four there are two children. One sibling is a girl what are the chances that the other is a boy? The answer is not a half but two-thirds.

Even more startlingly, Paulos gives a (fictitious) account of a test for cancer which is 98 per cent accurate and is used in a population in which 0.5 per cent of people actually have the disease. What then is the chance of someone who tests positive genuinely having cancer? The remarkable answer is about one in five.

Are people who call for mass screening of the population for the Aids virus aware of this problem? A doctor told me that the error-rate for Aids tests was one in 10,000. This sounds rather optimistic to me but even if it's true that would lead to 5,000 false positives in the British population.

Professor Paulos's book has had the welcome result of making newspaper-reading a more arduous process for me. Monday's *Independent*, for example, cited in its home news section a report that oral contraceptives had prevented "nearly a quarter of the deaths from ovarian cancer in women aged under 55 since their widespread use began more than 20 years ago". It went on to say that, "As many as 1,500 lives may have been saved between 1973 and 1986 because women had taken the Pill, according to a report in the *British Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology*."

The newspaper's medical editor, Celia Hall, then commented that this was "evidence of the Pill's protective properties against a background of growing anxiety over the higher incidence of breast cancer in young women using it." Even so it was still a bit like praising the motor car for cutting down on the deaths of people being kicked by horses. Numbers of lives saved from ovarian cancer can only be set against those lost to breast cancer as well as the increased risk of heart attacks and strokes.

Paulos sensibly proposes a common standard of risk, a terminology by which we could compare the dangers of terrorism, poisoned eggs, drunken drivers. This might protect us from a press that has always been ruthless in exploiting potential risks for shock effect. The result has been, for example, that old women are afraid to leave their homes, even though statistics show that they are the least likely group to be attacked.

But I suspect that Professor Paulos would stop me at this point, asking me robustly whether they are not the least likely group to be attacked exactly *because* they cower indoors, alarmed by phoney press reports.

ROGER WODDIS

Advice to the unborn

You will shortly be entering Britain
Through the usual channel
Without having to produce your papers,
Which is something of a rarity.
As someone not unfamiliar with the territory,
I hope you'll find the following helpful.

Don't be born a child. You'll risk
Being abused every which way by your father
Or a family friend or a bewigged buffoon.

Don't be born black, or you'll end up
Black and blue (unless you win and wave
a Union Jack at Gateshead).

Don't be born a woman. You will know,
If your luck holds, a hundred delights,
But you'll have to deal with men.

Don't, when you grow up, do useful work.
Sit at a big desk in the City,
And you'll be laughing.

Don't eat or drink anything at all,
Swim in the sea or live near
A poisonous reactor which is perfectly safe.

If you don't feel up to coping
With these challenges, it might be better
Not to be born at all.

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LETTERS

Libertarian alliance

Since their expulsion from the Libertarian Alliance it might well be that Messrs Micklethwait and Tame call themselves the "Libertarian Alliance"—and good luck to them—but I am not a member of their "LSE wing" ("Beyond the fringe", 21 July); I am a member of the Libertarian Alliance based at 9 Poland Street. Also, at risk of appearing a "wet" anarcho-capitalist, I should like to dissociate myself from some of the points made in that article.

Unlike the "anarcho-capitalist" Brian Micklethwait, I condemn all states; I canot see how an apartheid or fascist or any state could be set up voluntarily; and I have no "desire to boss people around" and should hardly be a libertarian if I did. Unlike Christopher Tame, I do not defend Chile; and I'm sure the risks to others' liberty of personal nuclear weapons would legitimate (privately policed) restrictions.

Anarcho-capitalism is described as "individualist, predominantly protestant, and socially unconcerned": I see no objection to collective action or communism *on a voluntary basis;* anarcho-capitalists (white, black, and yellow) are predominantly atheists in my experience; and they believe that voluntary association and the free market are much more benign than state intervention.

J C Lester
The Libertarian Alliance
9 Poland Street
London W1V

Immigration difficulties

I read with great interest Jolyon Jenkins' article "Foreign exchange" (28 July). It did however bring back a most unpleasant experience.

I was returning to Harwich from a holiday in Amsterdam in September 1986, when an immigration officer, on looking at my British passport, asked myself and my partner to sit down by his podium, in front of everyone. No explanation was offered.

After five minutes or so, another officer arrived with a 1971 Immigration Act landing card. He asked me to fill it in. Shocked, I did so. Still no explanation.

After handing the officer the card, he disappeared behind a screen. He returned accompanied by two other officers, all three making notes.

The officer who had originally asked me to sit down then came over and said everything was OK, I could go. Everything was far from "OK" with me. I began questioning the officer. "I'm not prepared to go into it now," was his reply.

I insisted that I was not leaving until I had been given a satisfactory reply. The original officer then got one of the three officers who had been making notes. He said that it was nothing to do with him, but that he would get someone else.

The explanation came from a "behind the scenes" officer. The Metropolitan Police were looking for a man with the same name as me, but they had checked my passport details, and I was clear. There were several reasons for not believing this explanation.

Firstly, I am black. Secondly, my first name is English, my surname Ghanaian—the particular combination of which is very unlikely to be posessed by more than one or two individuals in this country. Thirdly, why should I be asked to fill in an immigration card, as a British citizen, if my "crime" was a police matter?

No, despite the exhortation of Her Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, that a British passport holder should be allowed "to pass freely, without let or hindrance", I was stopped because of "Operation Kate"—the 1986 check on Ghanaians and Nigerians claiming British citizenship.

Both your article, and my MP note that "immigration officers have no powers of questioning at all". Does HOLMES know that?

Name and address supplied

Continued on page 8

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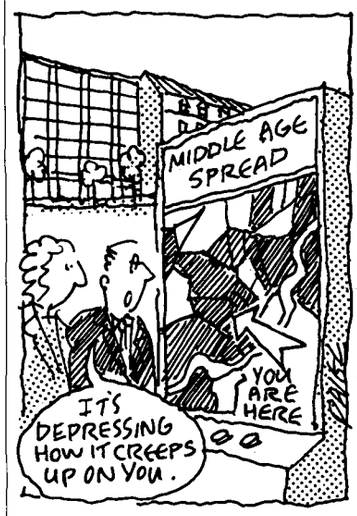
Middle-aged spread



Returning from my holiday (two weeks walking in the Norwegian mountains with my, admittedly, bearded partner), I turned with interest to Claire Sanders' piece ("Dreams of leaving", 28 July) on what it's like waiting around for hours at Gatwick airport among the ghetto blasters and Club 18-30ers. I was upset by her description of Catherine and Peter ("a long beard"), a couple in their early forties who prefer Lapland, open spaces and long walks, as "old". Indeed, I fail to understand how she managed to get any sense from the "gentle couple in their sixties" from Edinburgh since I assume they must have been dead at the time.

Francesca Baker
(late-30s)
London SW17

Intellectual left

Over the many years that I have subscribed to the *New Statesman* you have now and then printed some offensive pieces. None however can equal the bilious, intellectual snobbery of R W Johnson in his comments on Neil Kinnock's leadership. (Political column, 28 July) Johnson seems so dazzled by academic brilliance, he is almost advocating a Fellowship at All Souls as a necessary criterion for membership of a Labour Cabinet. No doubt too he thinks of Lloyd George, Churchill and Thatcher as pygmies compared to those intellectual giants, Asquith, R A Butler and Keith Joseph.

What will Johnson be writing for you next? What about a piece urging intelligence tests for all voters – with only people over 18 and possessing grade B and above in A level Economics able to vote.

Ken Hopkins
Secretary
Rhondda Constituency Labour Party
Mid-Glamorgan

Scottish affairs

You are to be congratulated on the wryly perceptive article by Stuart Cosgrove ("Kicking traditions", 21 July) on Glasgow Rangers' change of employment policy.

It is to be hoped that this marks a change in *New Statesman and Society*'s own policy towards a more sophisticated analysis of Scottish affairs. Previous coverage has been known to make strong men shake with laughter as they staggered home to beat up their womenfolk.

Willy Slavin
Bilsland Drive
Glasgow

THIS ENGLAND

● Bankers and city businessmen are angrily accusing their council house neighbours of vandalism, noisiness, littering and hanging out their washing to dry.

A group of owner-occupiers on the Sir Thomas More Court estate in Wapping, who paid up to £250,000 for their houses, are threatening to sue Heron Homes. They say they were not told they would be sharing the estate with families from the Tower Hamlets council waiting list, many Asian. —*The Times* (Martine Brent)

● A 27-foot-high mural of St Thomas in a Birmingham church, described as a major contribution to 20th century Church art, may be covered up because parishioners have complained [about] its penetrating eyes.

The Rev Tony Greenfield is considering applying for permission to move or cover the painting of "Doubting Thomas" after a number of people said it had upset wedding couples and deterred others from attending church. —*Daily Telegraph* (George Moor)

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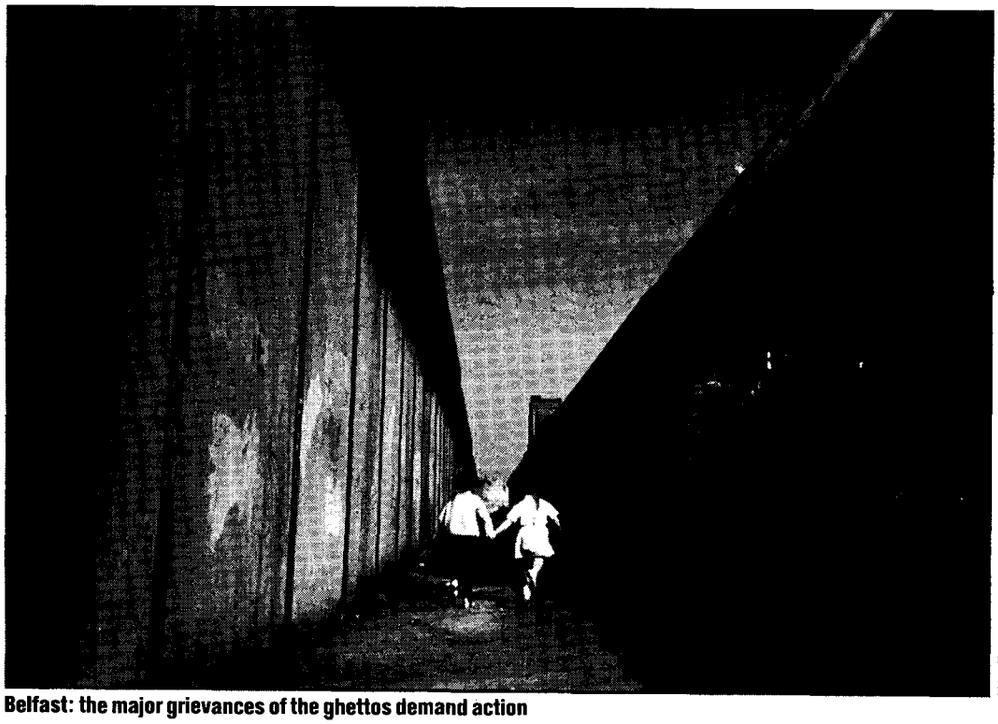
Out of the impasse

The way to peace in Northern Ireland is through civil and economic rights, particularly for the Catholic underclass, says Henry Patterson



Mike Abrahams/Network

Belfast: the major grievances of the ghettos demand action

The Northern Ireland Office may be encouraged by recent election results into a shaky optimism blind to longer-term trends. Sinn Fein and its supporters in Britain naturally planned to make the 20th anniversary of the arrival of British troops on the streets of Belfast and Derry a focus of mobilisation of a "Time to Go" constituency in British politics. Depressingly for sponsors of the campaign, like Clare Short MP, its major event came two days after the European election and a general election in the Irish Republic which were distinctly bad news for the republican movement.

In the Euro election in Northern Ireland, Sinn Fein's Danny Morrison saw his previous vote substantially reduced (from 13.3 per cent in 1984 to 9.1 per cent in 1989) while John Hume piled up a massive vote for the constitutional nationalism of the Social Democratic and Labour Party (22.1 per cent in 1984; 25.5 per cent in 1989).

Even more devastating for the "modernising" leadership of Sinn Fein was the party's abysmal performance in the general election in the Irish Republic where its vote declined from 1.8 per cent (1987) to 1.2 per cent.

It was this last performance which came nearer to registering a significant defeat for republicanism. Although at the "Time to Go" conference Gerry Adams blamed the miserable result on the exclusion of Sinn Fein from the airwaves in the Republic, Sinn Fein's own strategists do not in fact see this as the main reason. It was to be a central theme of the new republican strategy developed by Adams at the end of the 1970s that the "struggle" could not be won by a military campaign which had the support of only a "minority of a minority" in Northern Ireland. For the northerners who have dominated the leadership of Sinn Fein for much of the last decade, political advance in the Irish Republic was essential. It was to promote this cause that the leadership persuaded the 1986 annual conference to break with the traditional abstentionist policy and allow any successful Sinn Fein candidates to take their seats in the Dail. But this in itself, did not persuade any substantial section of the Republic's electorate that Sinn Fein was a viable or acceptable political force.

The way republicanism has been marginalised in the politics of the Irish Republic is one indicator of the major developments which have taken place in that state since the 1950s. The tendency in Belfast and London to focus on anniversaries has the effect of obscuring these developments. Nevertheless, it is arguably as much to the gradual modernisation of politics and ideology in the Republic as to de-

"I hope that people on the British left, inspired by Charter 88 and the Claim of Rights document in Scotland, would integrate a programme of reforms for Northern Ireland into that kind of project. My fear is that they won't and that *Time to Go* sloganising will provide a poor substitute."
Robin Wilson
Editor of Fortnight
Northern Ireland's left-liberal periodical

"My hope is that all politicians would forget their personal egos and start realising that we'll all have to make some sort of compromise. I would hope that the unemployment situation in Northern Ireland can be given serious consideration as it has been in other areas of the UK. My fear would be that the present Union leadership, who have really got themselves pinned in a corner, would not have the courage to talk, which would subject us to another period of murder and maiming and destruction. It's utter folly to expect the government to cancel the Anglo-Irish Agreement without anything to replace it. Since we published our document *'Common Sense'* we've had talks with the Labour Party and hope to have talks with the SDLP. Both sides must find a way to get out of this—really it's like a time of living in hell."
Ken Kerr
Ulster Loyalist Democratic Party councillor on Londonderry City Council

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Mike Abrahams/Network

Sunday morning mass in Ardoyne, Belfast. "It is the existence of a disproportionately Catholic underclass which is the fundamental problem facing any British government."

velopments in British policy that those hoping for progress in Northern Ireland can look. The political culture of the Republic still sustains a degree of sneaking regard for "the boys". Opinion polls always show substantial numbers of people expressing sympathy for the "aims but not the methods" of the IRA. However, this is a shrinking resource for republicans and cannot compensate for the low priority which voters attach to the Northern Ireland issue. In the last election it consistently appeared near the bottom of the list of salient issues, sharing a space with a prolonged dispute over rod licences for anglers.

In the realm of governmental policies one register of the changes is in the role of the present Taoiseach, Charles Haughey. A man alleged, while in government in late 1969, to have been implicated in an attempt to import guns for the use of Catholics in Northern Ireland, he now presides over the involvement of his government in the Anglo-Irish Agreement and the extradition of republicans to the United Kingdom.

More positively, for the first time since the Irish constitution was drafted by Eamonn De Valera in the 1930s, serious voices of criticism are being raised about those articles which lay claim to Northern Ireland. Perhaps the most important contribution of the neo-liberal Progressive Democrats, founded in 1985 in large part in response to the traditionalist positions of Haughey's Fianna Fail party on moral issues and Northern Ireland, was their attack on the irredentist themes of the Republic's political culture.

As the increasingly thin and aspirational nature of the desire for "unity" in the Republic is exposed, one would hope that this would gradually percolate through to those in Britain, particularly in the Labour Party, who still appear to believe that outside the fastnesses of Protestant Ulster there is a burning desire for constitutional change in Ireland. For the great bulk of the population of the Republic, Northern Ireland and its extra dimension of dismal polarised violence is, mercifully, another country. In the June election, even Sinn Fein candidates had to admit that Northern Ireland was never raised on the doorsteps.

In the final days before his return to the mainland and promotion, Tom King, the then Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, lamented the lack of political progress—by which he meant movement towards serious inter-party talks on devolution between the unionist Parties and the SDLP. But though successive Conservative and Labour administrations have been committed to power-sharing between unionists and nationalists, the two dominant political traditions in Northern Ireland have inflexible conceptions of political power which assume that one party's gain is always at the expense of the other's equal loss. This sort of attitude makes it hard to achieve the type of bargaining and accommodation necessary to sustain power-sharing. Unionists also suspect that Northern Ireland nationalists see power-sharing within the existing framework as an interim stage in a strategy aimed at unification with the Republic.

Despite these problems, the Anglo-Irish Agreement signed in 1985 managed to combine a greater institutional role for the Republic in the administration of Northern Ireland with a commitment by both governments to devolution. Although fire-proofed against the kind of internal Protestant action which destroyed the last power-sharing Executive in 1974, the agreement has however signally failed to produce the realignment of unionist politics which would make devolution likely. There is evidence of a substantial Protestant disillusion with the main unionist parties' failed campaign against the agreement, but there is little to suggest that this indicates a willingness to compromise with constitutional nationalism. By consolidating the support and morale of the SDLP, the agreement encouraged the party's leader, John Hume, to hold out for even more radical changes. In the lengthy series of talks between leading SDLP figures and the Sinn Fein leadership in 1988, Hume made it clear that for the SDLP an "internal solution" was not feasible, that they were interested in persuading the unionists to sort out their relations with the rest of the Irish people. Such aspirations are fundamentally incompatible with devolution.

In fact, a realistic assessment that devolution is not a likely option in the foreseeable future might well be the beginning of some much needed political wisdom on how to govern Northern Ireland. A major reason for the widespread political apathy and demoralisation in the Province is justifiable cynicism about politicians and the slippery language of "initiatives", "dialogue" and "healing processes". Unionists, whatever their detestation of the Anglo-Irish Agreement, have no stomach for action that threatens the link with the United Kingdom which is so central to the survival of an acutely weak economy. This de facto or instrumental unionism has a substantial echo in the Catholic community—particularly its middle class and employed working class. But such instrumentalist attitudes to the state and the largely privatised and often comfortable lifestyles which sustain them can never be the basis for a stabilisation of the situation in Northern Ireland. This is because they have excluded and will continue to exclude a large and disproportionately Catholic underclass. It is the existence of this class, more than the limited and intransigent nature of many local politicians, which is the fundamental problem facing any British government. This makes any optimism in the Northern Ireland

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"My hope is that the British government decides to deal flexibly with those sections of the community which feel excluded and traumatised by the current status quo. Economically, this means a major effort of reconstruction in areas of high nationalist unemployment, and politically it means offering unionists better lines of communication to the British state. One of my biggest fears is that the current very serious problem of emigration of talent out of Northern Ireland will get worse."
Paul Bew
Reader in Political Science, Queen's University, Belfast

"My best hope is that the continuation of national revolt in Ireland, north and south, and anti-imperialist activity in Britain, succeeds in forcing a British withdrawal. My fear is that the combination of repression, constitutional nationalism and labourism succeeds in containing the movement for national liberation."
Charles Longford
Chair of the Irish Freedom Movement

"My biggest hope would be that there would be peace and happiness all year round and that there would not be a single killing. But that would be dreaming. Realistically my best hope is that relationships would improve and my worst fear is that things would get worse."
Barry McGuigan
Boxer

"My best hope is that the whole range of political issues and alignments will change to ones that relate to the fair distribution of wealth and incomes, and that we will ignore the flag-waving and the drum-beating of the past and move towards an egalitarian society that represents the future for everybody in this island. My worst fear is that nothing will happen at all and that the beggars will continue their ranting and the bummers continue their evil work as at present. To radicals over the water who keep interfering and backing the provos, I say remember the surest way of effecting change in this island is by the ballot box. The way is not by the bomb and the gun."
Paddy Devlin
Founder member of SDLP, now vice-chair of Labour '87—a reconstitution of Ulster's Labour parties

"My worst fear is civil war in Northern Ireland as a result of: intensified IRA military campaign and SDLP orientation to Dublin; unionist political intransigence; increasing British repression; resumed talk of Irish unification by Fianna Fail under Charles Haughey; *and* the increasing appeal of Irish left nationalism in the British Labour Party, as Margaret Thatcher continues her war against terrorism.

My best hope is the end of Thatcherism: less Labour talk about a united Ireland, and more action on discrimination, poverty and civil liberties; the scrapping of the irredentist constitution in the Republic, and the growth of the post-nationalist left; continued withdrawal of troops from Northern Ireland, and democratisation of the police; concessions by unionists in return for security; SDLP orientation to internal reform, and Sinn Fein commitment to a political strategy."
Austen Morgan
Irish writer living in London

office encouraged by recent election results dangerously hollow.

Sinn Fein and the IRA's core support is largely impervious to government depictions of them as "terrorists" and a "mafia". The problems created for them by authoritarian spasms like the Home Secretary's ban on media interviews in October 1988, while serious, do not impinge much on their presence in areas like West Belfast. They can rely on the British government's disinclination to develop a serious economic dimension to the post-1985 reformist agenda. The republican movement's presence in its various dimensions is so entwined in the fabric of everyday life in large parts of Catholic Belfast and Derry that only a veritable economic and social revolution from above, creating effective citizenship for the Catholic underclass, could hope to undermine it.

Reforms since the eruption of the present "troubles" have left untouched the most ingrained patterns of structural inequality in the labour market. Current fair employment legislation will certainly strengthen the Catholic middle class through better access to public and private employment—a process that is already happening. Yet without a serious economic strategy such reforms will not touch large sections of the Catholic working class. The major material grievances of the ghettos of Belfast and Derry demand action. At the same time, unionists are becoming alienated by the ever-increasing recognition that the governing of Northern Ireland has an "Irish dimension". That alienation needs attention. For the British government, there is no excuse for continuing the undemocratic treatment of Northern Ireland business at Westminster—the case for a Northern Ireland Grand Committee is overwhelming.

More fundamental is the need for attitudes in the governing and opposition elites to be transformed. The traditional combination of tired resignation and hankerings after ultimate extrication are counter-productive, and just encourage republican morale. A positive and major long-term commitment is necessary. Devolution on the basis of some form of accommodation between unionism and nationalism demands a flexibility and generosity of spirit. But the entrenched inequalities and suspicions of civil society make that difficult to envisage.

For reasons of practical calculation rather than morality Britain is unlikely to be able to evade its responsibility for Northern Ireland for decades to come. That responsibility is to face up to the major lessons of two decades: that only the British state has both the need and the capacity to undertake the long postponed completion of the civil rights reforms of the late 1960s.

It must also provide the material conditions for effective citizenship for all the people of Northern Ireland. The creation of a civil society less deformed by the inequalities of the present is the only likely basis on which devolution on an acceptable basis and the beginnings of accommodation could become conceivable. ●

Henry Patterson is the author of "The Politics of Illusion: Republicanism and Socialism in Modern Ireland" (Radius, forthcoming, 1989)

"My hope is that after the withdrawal of British troops, Ireland, north and south, would become a joint community in a united Europe. My fear is that after the withdrawal of British troops, civil war would follow."
Ann Devlin
Playwright

"To many, Northern Ireland is the ultimate Gordian knot—a conflict without solution; a 'show' that will run and run. There are no clear battle lines any more. 'The Troubles' have become a labyrinth of faction fighting between a disquieting spectrum of shadowy paramilitary groups (and these groups, from both sides of the divide, operate a highly lucrative gangster economy of protection rackets within the provinces). This means that the chances for any sort of lasting settlement are, quite frankly, grim.

Still, I am foolish enough to believe that, where there's a possibility for dialogue, there's always a possibility for accommodation and change. So, my worst fear for the province is that the rest of the world finally writes it off as a hopeless case, and considers its underlying malevolence to be a predictable fact of Ulster life."
Douglas Kennedy
Author, and former manager of the Peacock Theatre, Dublin

"Nations, it is believed, have the right to their own historical time, to discover themselves according to their own needs and imaginations. History seized up and time stopped in Ireland eight centuries ago with the entry of the first troops loyal to the British crown, and ever since, the country has been prevented from learning its identity. The ailment is colonial, the wound itself scrupulously cultivated by the British army and attendant bureaucrats. My best hope therefore is that the British public will force its government finally to withdraw so that Ireland can again enter historical time and discover itself as a nation. I believe the tenacity of the present generation of republicans renders any other solution irrelevant. My fear is that there will be no change in the spineless, cynical and perpetually failing British policy of containment, and the the horrific convulsions will therefore continue."
Timothy O'Grady
Novelist

"My hope is for a truce and lasting peaceful settlement and the withdrawal from the country of British troops, to put it in very simplistic terms. My worst fears are that the British might withdraw, but leave in place a state that would be neither free nor allow the people any self-determination, but would serve their interests rather than the interests of the Irish people as a whole."
Mary Nellis
Derry community worker

"Ireland is a peculiar place. Some of its peculiarities are the product of its own genius; others are distortions, forced on it by history. My best hope is that Ireland will become in many respects the same as the other European countries I admire, while yet remaining different. My fear is that it will manage to be only one of these two things, merely different or merely the same."
Anthony Cronin

Poet, novelist and cultural adviser to the Taoiseach

Quotes compiled by Polly Neate

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On the beach

Geoffrey Beattie went for a "traditional" day out at the seaside with Grannie and the kids. He took his camera too

There was bound to be an argument. The kids wanted to go to Bridlington, because they had been there once before. Their grannie, on the other hand, wanted to go to Blackpool. "You can't beat Blackpool," is all that she would say in its defence. Endlessly. I tried explaining to her that we were in Sheffield now, not Belfast, and folks like us don't cross the Pennines for a day at the seaside: they go to the east coast—Cleethorpes, Scarborough, Skegness, "or Bridlington" the kids all answered in unison. "Or Bridlington," I said, without much enthusiasm.

I didn't fancy Bridlington, or "Brid" as they like to call it around here. Brid's too genteel, too hypocritical. But that wasn't the only thing. I had to go there once for reasons vaguely connected with work, and I must say that I tried to go with as open a mind as possible. I sat on the seafront watching the *senior citizens* in their matching jumpers and slacks saunter past. Then the strangest sight met my eyes. It was one of those couples—one dog, one woman, that through years of living together had grown to resemble each other—in facial feature, if not body build. Both half Jack Russell and half man, both with long white whiskers sprouting from the chin. As they crossed the zebra crossing in front of the cafe where I was sitting, the dog paused. Its partner then gave it a God-almighty kick, which seemed all the more incongruous because she, the woman I mean, was so fat that she had such trouble lifting her leg. The dog yelped and continued its journey. It did not look surprised by this action. It was one of those moments that has a disproportionate effect on how you think about things—about zebra crossings, about fat women in pink dresses, about Bridlington. I did not, however, fancy having to explain my irrational dislike of Bridlington to the children or to Grannie.

"We're going to Skegness!" I said firmly. The kids were persuaded by my loud determined voice. Grannie wasn't. She insisted that I get the map out and work out exactly how far Blackpool was from Sheffield compared with Skegness. It was pointless explaining to her again about the backbone of England, and how it is rather inconvenient to have to cross it several times in one day. I pointed the car towards Rotherham and roared off. Grannie sighed audibly. The kids squirmed in the back. One wanted to know whether "Skegness" was the same place as "Skeggie", and he brightened up when he was told that it was, because we were, at least, going to somewhere he had heard of. Grannie had heard of neither place. She started reminiscing about holidays in Donegal.

Even in the thick mist of reminiscing, Grannie could tell that Rotherham on a summer's afternoon was not Snake Pass. "Are there no women in this part of the world?" was Grannie's only comment, as we watched for the signs to Bawtry. I could understand why she had made the comment. The pavements were full of young men with prams. Grannie assumed that all these young men out with the prams were on holiday. Coming from North Belfast, she associates a rather different kind of hanging-about behaviour with unemployment. Only men on holiday, well out of sight of their friends, push prams, if they come from that part of Belfast. Rotherham eventually gave way to countryside, and the road twisted and turned for mile after mile. Grannie kept spotting pubs for lunch. "There's a nice wee one there, everywhere will be too full in Skegness, let's stop soon, eh?" We had been on the road for exactly one hour. She had got the children on her side, they were all trying to spot pubs for lunch as well. The boys were particularly keen. During her annual summer visit, she had got the boys drinking beer, something which I had never managed to do. The oldest boy, by the way, is six. "I want to go for a swim as soon as we get there," said Sam, aged three. I was pleased by this enthusiasm for the water. "Why, are you a bit hot?" I inquired. "No, Dad, I'm dying for a pee." There were no signs for Skegness. "We should have gone to Blackpool," said Grannie—"at least it would have been signposted."

Eventually, we reached the outskirts of Skegness. By now, all the children wanted to go for a swim; even Grannie was now contemplating the sea, probably for the first time in her entire life. But she didn't risk it. Instead she dragged my daughter Zoe off in search of a public convenience. Zoe, aged eight, has reached the age where deliberate infringement of social rules is cause for great mirth. Zoe

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returned with her hands cupped around her mouth, quite literally holding in her giggles—"Grannie went behind a bush," she explained. Zoe had declined to join her. However, Zoe was taking no chances—she was now dragging her swimming costume out of the boot of the car. I, meanwhile, like all the other occupants of the car park, was playing that great English game of watching for a chink in the clouds, where, just maybe, the sun might manage to shine through. The car park at the north end of town was only distinctive in that I have never seen so many V-reg cars parked together, since, well, since 1979. Grannie brightened up when I pointed this out to her. "I can't stand snobs," she said by way of explaining; "I can't stand money people," just demonstrating what kinds of things fit together in her semantic space.

Now that I had corroborated the social backgrounds of the other occupants of the car park, Grannie started smiling around at them in that peculiar way of hers. I once wrote a whole article about something very similar, with a rather unfortunate sounding name—"nonverbal solicitation behaviours". According to an American ethnologist, these are the kinds of behaviours displayed by women to attract male attention.

This particular nonverbal solicitation behaviour of Grannie only stopped, when the sun managed to peak through the clouds, and we, and everyone else waiting in the wings in the car park, made our way onto the beach. Grannie neutralised any possible beneficial effects of the sea air, by smoking Benson and Hedges more or less continuously.

Nature called. It was time for a swim. The water was cold and brown, thick and translucent. The sand felt very slimy underfoot. My three-year-old put it very succinctly: "It feels like poo," he said. I found a dead crab almost immediately. None of my children claimed to have seen a crab "in real life" before. Only one would pick it up. Grannie threatened to walk home, if it was brought within three feet of her. Our comparative peace was only disturbed by the arrival of a large slobbering Rottweiler straining at its leash. Its owner was clearly having trouble controlling it. It seemed particularly interested in my three-year-old son. The dog had shoulders like a triathlete, its owner unfortunately did not, and I thought that this might indeed be a cause for some concern. The dog was called Rocky, and it had come from Leeds on its annual fortnight's holiday to Skeggie. Rocky jolted its huge shape around to follow any sudden movement on the beach, and being a beach there were a lot of children about and a lot of sudden movements. "It just wants to play," said its owner. Even my three-year-old wasn't convinced by this somewhat empty assurance. Its owner eventually dragged it off, but Rocky found time to cock its leg on every little mound of sand made by those small darting objects you sometimes find on beaches—children—and marked its territory very deliberately and carefully indeed.

Nature called. It was time for a swim. The water was cold and brown, thick and translucent

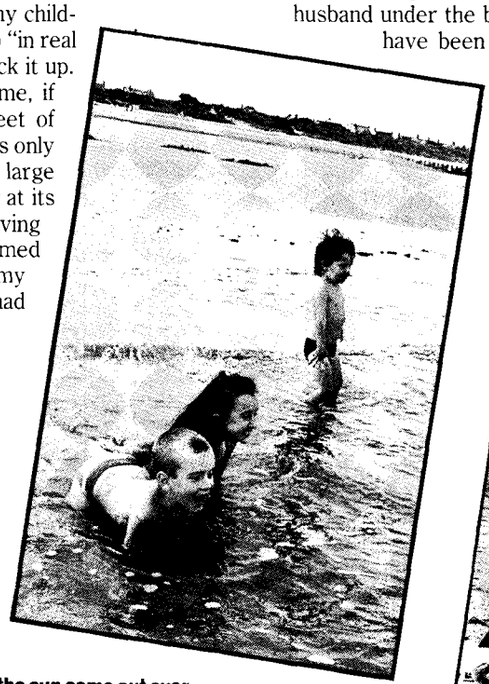
It was time for another dip in the briny. It was a shrinking kind of cold. It reminded me of Anthony Hern's book *The Seaside Holiday: the History of the English Seaside Resort*, where he speculated about some of the possible disadvantages of nude sea bathing by men—common, by the way, in most English resorts until the 1870s. "It is possible that the traditional shock of the Georgian and Victorian bride on discovering the true nature of her husband under the bedclothes may have been heightened by the contrast between his appearance as a lover and the dejected male she had witnessed on his emergence from the sea." It was just as well that these Victorian brides did not witness the cold and wet, dejected males being intimidated by Rottweilers as well. Otherwise I'm sure that they would have had an even bigger shock on their wedding night.

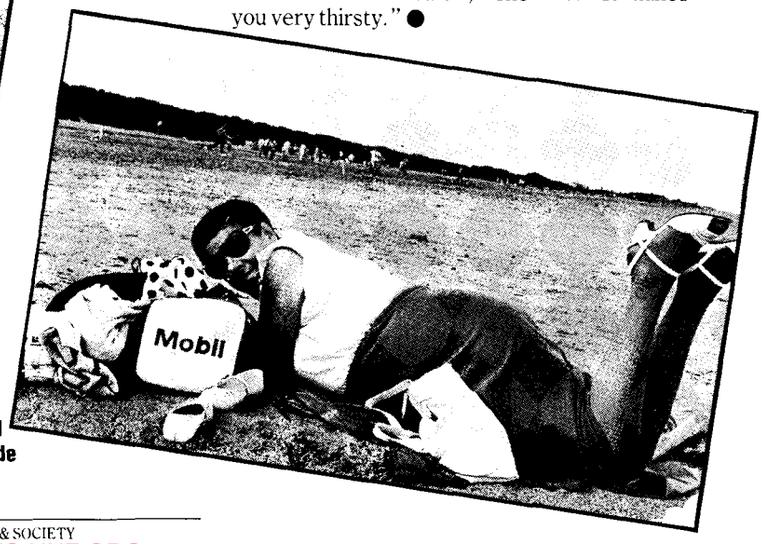
Eventually, even Rocky tired of the beach. It was time for other distractions. There were many on offer. You could choose between "The Good Olde Days" at the Embassy Centre or "The Duncan Norvelle 'Chase Me' Show". I didn't know why it was called the "Chase Me" show. Grannie did. It was eyes down at the North Parade Social Club at 7.30, but, again inexplicably, it was filling up at 6.30. I didn't ask Grannie this time for an explanation. I wanted to visit the Skegness Natureland, advertised with a black-and-white photograph of a page three type girl feeding a seal with a fish. The photograph of her had been taken from a *Sunday Mirror* of a few years back: the caption told us that "Some seals have all the luck". I, however, did not have any—Natureland was closed for the night. All you could see was the Seal Hospital.

I opted instead for "The Sky Ride", a little chair lift designed to carry you out towards the roaring surf, with the sun glinting off the water. A romantic ride to be remembered for years. That was the theory at least. The reality was a little different—the Sky Ride actually lifted you over a fun fair and provided some breathtaking views of corrugated roofs covered in broken glass. All three children wanted to witness the breathtaking views for themselves, but they insisted on being accompanied by me each time. So I got to see the broken glass and the corrugated roofs three times in all.

I had successfully avoided the Amusements for most of the day, but there was no way that I was going to get out of Skegness without at least going in "for a minute". We went into the Amusements for a minute, and eventually emerged an hour later. The Amusements seemed to have made the children hungry. "It's the sea air," explained Grannie. "It always gives you an appetite."

The children slept all the way back to Sheffield—"it's the sea air", said Grannie again knowledgeably. Only Grannie stayed awake, and that was only because she wanted to find a likely looking pub on the way home, before last orders. "All that sea air," she said. "It makes you very thirsty." ●





Once the sun came out over Skeggie, the Beattie family sat down to some serious beach business—including the curse of Rocky the Rottweiler; slimy sand between the toes and a dead crab—amid empty stretches of the great English seaside

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Their miners and ours

Los Angeles

The big mistake the United Mine Workers have been making is not holding their strikes and wildcat actions in the Soviet Union. They would have been assured of rather more generous coverage than they've been getting in the papers here. In a detailed cover story on 20 July *The Washington Post* quoted one Soviet miner as saying, "These bureaucrats, they sit on their butts and get double and triple what we make down in the pits. They get regular vacations. They get Sundays off. They get a car, a decent, regular life. And we get the butt-end of the stick."

No equivalent hospitality was offered by the *Post* to American miners to say what they thought about the capitalists and managers controlling their lives. The *Post* has covered the Pittston strike as a local story, not even dignified as having national status. When the miners headed up from Virginia to Greenwich, Connecticut, the headquarters of Pittston, Nick Ravo of the *New York Times* covered the protest in the *Times*'s "Metro" section.

The strikers, most of whom are Baptist fundamentalists, want an end to compulsory work on Sundays, and in Greenwich they sought the support of local clergy and churchgoers. Ravo calls this "a public relations ploy, no doubt about it", and points out that "the same miners who scream obscenities in Carbo, Virginia, have become cross-carrying missionaries in Greenwich." Ravo's miners are yokels in the posh Northern suburb—their demands unarticulated, their purpose dim, their "charm", especially when denying reports of violence, "beguiling".

This is typical of the racist depiction of Appalachian miners set forth over the years. During the strikes of 1978 and 1981 the *New York Times* correspondent Ben A Franklin spoke of the "Appalachian enigma", traceable to "the Celtic ethnicity... the Anglo-Saxon, not to say Druid, heritage of southern mountain coal towns." In his fine book *Fire in the Hole*, Curtis Selzer defines this "enigma" as "presumably a mix of cultural handcuffs, historical dialectics and genetic programming errors." *Newsweek* in 1978 described the miners as a breed apart from the rest of the populace—clannish and fatalistic, wary and independent, hell-raising and violent, promiscuous and enduring. *Time* called them "independent, outspoken and not addicted to regular work." In 1981 the *Wall Street Journal* noted that the miners may have been motivated to strike by the onset of the fishing season, this also being considered plausible by *Newsweek*.

So it is not surprising that the Pittston strikers are misrepresented in the nation's newspapers while Soviet coalminers are portrayed as the heroes of *perestroika*. By the accounting procedures of the corporate press, a sustained four-month strike involving some 50,000 American miners is as nothing compared with a walkout of about 150,000 Soviet miners lasting a week.

Appalachian miners: their four-month struggle counts for less than a one-week walkout in Russia

Virtually every article on the Pittston strike has covered the "violence" of the miners (rock-throwing, destruction of property) without examining the economic and physical violence that is waged against the miners. There has been no coverage of the dangers of going down the pits, where many miners die or of the conditions of poverty in which many of them live. Nor is much said about the "asset protection teams" hired by the Pittston Company (imagine the mockery if Russians used such a term), or of the 350 state troopers permanently stationed by the Virginia Governor to break the strike, at a cost of $1 million per month. Gorbachev sent in no police agents or military units.

On 7 July, the National Labor Review Board, a federal body which in recent years has been mostly the creature of business, charged the Pittston Company with having engaged in unfair labour practices, failing "to bargain collectively and in good faith" with the Union of Mine Workers and discriminating against workers engaged with the union. The major papers said barely a word.

When Soviet miners won concessions, their victory was proclaimed on the front pages and they themselves were hailed as pioneers of democracy. But democracy is a relative benefit. Back in 1981 the press here was speculating that the reason there had been so many local strikes in the United States, especially since 1978, was that the union overhauled its structure in 1972 and became democratic. The inference, as expressed in *Business Week* and the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, was that miners were

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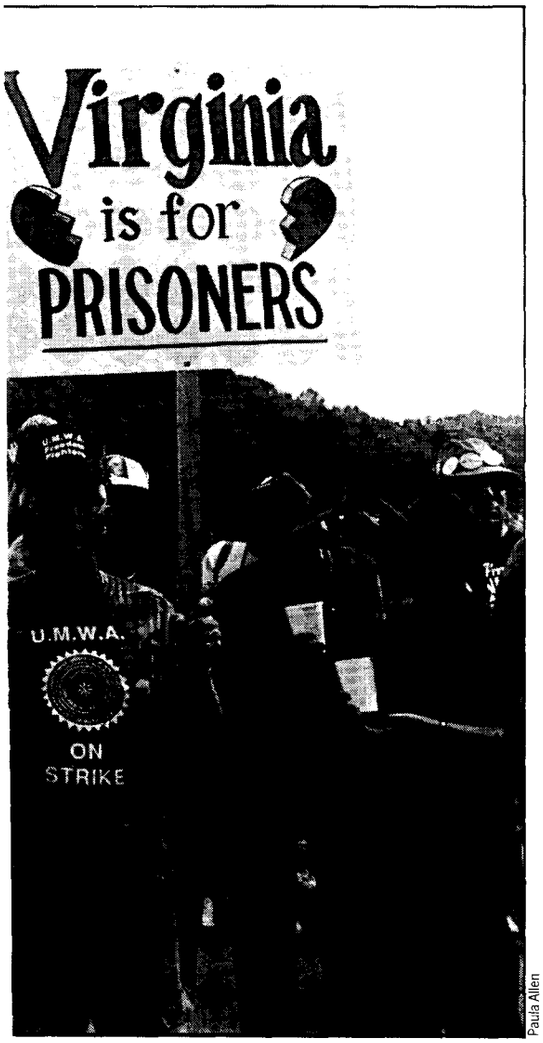
The only good miner is a foreign miner. Alexander Cockburn on news coverage, a fake President's travels and a poem



Paula Allen

Virtually every article covered the 'violence' of the miners without examining the violence waged against them

the victims of too much democracy, rejecting contracts for the sake of flexing union muscles. The other possibility—that they were not offered fair contracts—eluded public comment.

Now starring "President Bush"

There's been a tremendous flap about the ABC television network's simulated footage of the supposed passage of information from a US diplomat to a KGB agent. The footage was not adequately designated as a "re-enactment" and now everyone is pursing lips and saying what does this portend, is the well of knowledge now polluted, can one trust what one sees on TV, etc etc. The answer is, of course, one can't. These days photographs can be corrected by computer, and news magazines "adjust" photographs in the interest of design, lowering an obtrusive arm, wiping out an unnecessary face. No need to labour the implications of this technical "advance".

Quite aside from this, television has its origins in fakery from the earliest days when "news teams", confined to their studios by the heavy equipment of the time, regularly made up footage. Almost everything on network news is simulated and has been for years. Mummers known as "The President", "Secretary of State" and so forth go before the cameras and act out carefully prepared scripts intended to demonstrate that everything is under control. In the early days of television a disclaimer was attached to such coverage, explaining that what the viewers had just been watching was not true but merely a well-intentioned effort to show how the country was being governed by the real President, who of course was too busy to give hours of his day to these charades.

Gradually the disclaimers were discontinued, and now the public has got so used to the actors that the people really running the country must do so in complete secrecy, lest the shock of their appearance cause civic unrest.

Recently "President Bush" went to eastern Europe, and even the White House press corps, which loyally connives at the fiction that "President Bush" is in charge, was hard put to account for the lacklustre reception he received in Warsaw, Gdansk and Budapest. On 10 July, John Cochran of NBC News reported that in Warsaw Bush "waded into some welcoming crowds, which were smaller than expected, certainly not the tens of thousands White House aides had predicted... The President's first full day in Poland was eventful but a little short on emotion. That could also change tomorrow, when he travels to Gdansk."

In Warsaw, harrowed stage managers of the travelling White House revue frankly conceded to reporters that the crowds were bad, suggesting that Polish audiences had become blasé since the world première of Mrs Thatcher's Polish Spring not long before. The following evening, after "Bush" had played in Gdansk, then in Budapest, the troupe's PR man, Marlin Fitzwater, announced that at Gdansk there had been a "tumultuous reception... an outpouring of hope and faith".

The press corps did its best. Cochran told NBC viewers that "the President's last day in Poland was his best. The crowds in Gdansk were much bigger and more enthusiastic than in Warsaw. White House estimates of up to a quarter of a million seem inflated. But tens of thousands did turn out to see the first American President in Gdansk."

This was a bit stinted, though not as laboured as Charles Power's explanation to *Los Angeles Times* readers of why few had bothered with "President Bush" in Warsaw. "If some travellers in the presidential party expressed puzzlement that crowds for the Bush visit seemed curiously small in the Polish capital, a partial explanation might be that so many Poles were otherwise occupied at the US embassy, waiting in line for visas."

Flowers of Poesy

For weeks the following poem, written in huge Hebrew letters, hung on a noticeboard in front of the quarters of a senior officer of the Civil Administration in Gaza. Civil Administration is a euphemism for "military occupation":

Yes, it is true that I hate Arabs
I want to take them off the map
Yes this is all (my) work.
My life passes pleasurably
One shoots a bullet and a head is flying.
It is a pleasure to feel when the bullet touches (it)
Knocks into the head and it splits.
Then I feel liberated and even (feel) a pleasure
To see how the head is flying off.
There are beautiful places in the Territories
There is sea and sand and many palms
It is a pity that there are Arabs there too.

The poem appeared in a 16 June report in *Ha'aretz*, Israel's most prestigious newspaper. No US correspondent for any US newspaper, all of whom have *Ha'aretz* translated for them over breakfast, has thought it worthwhile calling it to readers' attention. Compare this with the coverage last year of a poem by Palestinian Mahmoud Darwish exhorting Israel to "get out of our land". Then the front pages gave sympathetic vent to Israeli "primal fears" of being driven into the sea, despite Darwish's insistence that he was referring to the occupied territories. Now what's another dead Arab when the corpses of more than 500 rot in their graves? ●

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Getting Gatting

England's rebel cricketers will meet well-organised resistance inside as well as outside South Africa, reports Grant Jarvie

South Africa has never been short of support in and around English cricket and rugby. Although the recent withdrawal of the only two black players in the team has proved a set-back, last week's announcement that Mike Gatting is to lead a rebel cricket tour to South Africa in January 1990 has led to speculation that a similar list of rugby union names will be procured by the South African Rugby Board (SARB). The tour men have been quick to offer their justifications: security, keep politics out of sport, and bridge-building in the townships are the most common. David Graveney spoke for the whole party when he said: "I do not believe that playing cricket in South Africa can be construed as a victory for apartheid. On the contrary, I will be playing cricket in a system that has been developed by the South African Cricket Union (SACU) specifically to bring about change and to provide new opportunities for all communities." Indeed, SACU and Ali Bacher have secured a lot of goodwill in the townships and have done more than most to secure a degree of integration. However, when this particular rebel tour has come and gone SACU and SARB and all other sports organisations will still be faced with the same problem—apartheid.

The most important factor working against full integration in sport is the political opposition of the South African Council on Sport (SACOS), and the newly formed National Sports Congress (NSC), to any sports reform outside broader social and political reform. Second, there are the realities of apartheid: recent statistics indicated the vast disparity in opportunity and access to sporting facilities between whites and blacks. Whites have 73 per cent of all athletic tracks, 92 per cent of all golf courses, 83 per cent of hockey fields, 84 per cent of cricket pitches, 95 per cent of squash courts, 80 per cent of badminton courts, 83 per cent of swimming baths and 82 per cent of rugby fields.

With this background, the response to the tour both inside and outside South Africa is unsurprising. Twenty-four hours after the tour announcement, the first threat of a black African boycott of the Commonwealth Games emerged when the Tanzanian government announced that if the tour of South Africa went ahead it would seriously consider boycotting the Commonwealth Games. Raphael Kubaga, the Commonwealth Games Federation Vice-President for Africa, commented that if Britain did not stop the tour an African campaign to block Britain from international sport would be launched. A similar warning came from the Organisation of African Unity (OAU).

The threat of an African boycott is a reflection of the broader unity that exists among the African nations. The OAU, the longstanding *Union Douanier et Economique de l'Afrique Centrale*, the Economic Community of West African States, and the Southern African Development Co-ordination Conference are just a few of the African state alliances which have emerged over the past decades to present an African view of international forums, but also to block the dependency relationship that exists between the peripheral African states and South Africa. The sport boycott in the 1970s was designed to support the South African majority. In the 1980s, changing alliances within Africa have meant that this form of cultural politics is inextricably linked, not only with the struggle for South African sport, but with the struggle for Southern Africa in general.

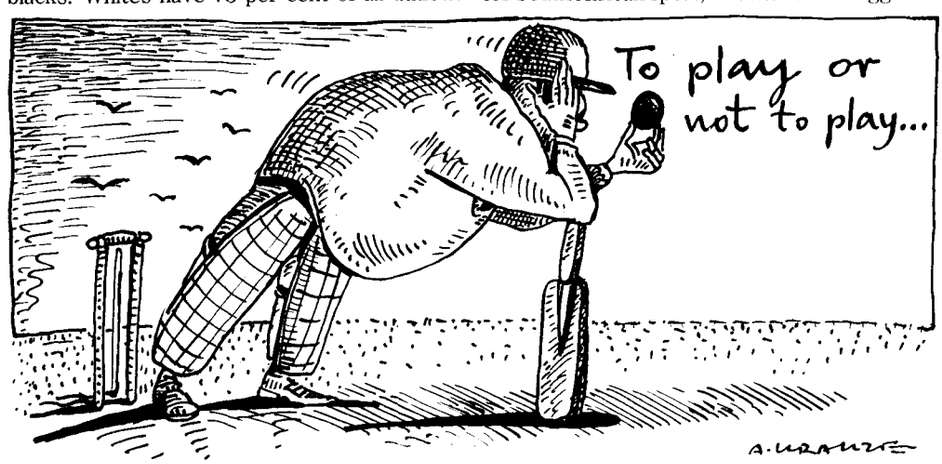
What is central to the whole issue, however, is the struggle of South African sportsmen and women themselves. Mike Gatting and his men will discover that the anti-apartheid sports movement *inside* South Africa has become more organised, unified and combative. SACOS and the NSC both aim to create sporting practice free from racism. This position did not arise overnight. The 1940s saw the emergence of the Non-Racial Table Tennis Board; the 1950s witnessed the inauguration of the South African Sports Association (SASA) and many black sporting federations making the transition towards non-racialism. In the 1960s the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee (SAN-ROC) was expelled from South Africa; and South Africa was banned from the Olympic Games in Tokyo and Mexico. The 1970s saw the development of the South African Non-Racial Sports Organisation (SASPO) and the expulsion of South Africa from the Olympic movement.

While a number of sporting organisations have historically compromised their demands, SACOS, SAN-ROC and the NSC have refused to separate sporting demands from demands for social change. The instigators of the sporting boycott have never limited their demands to simple integration on the sports field.

If the boycott was simply about sporting integration for the majority then South African soccer players would have been welcomed back into the world of soccer years ago. Yet both the South African Soccer Association and the National Soccer League support the international boycott because it is realised that despite the lost opportunities for many black athletes the boycott must stand until there is democracy. The unity of resistance to official sport or official government policies is considered more important than playing cricket, rugby or football.

The lead against the English touring party is likely to be taken by the NSC, whose strength lies in its links with the black community organisations. This credibility is something that not even SACU and SARB can mobilise, despite their recent talks with the African National Congress. Indeed, the reaction of the Afrikaner establishment to Danie Craven's rugby negotiations through the ANC in Harare last year is one example of where the real power in South Africa lies. For the ANC to venture into the rugby citadel was too much for the Afrikaner Broederbond to bear. Impassioned warnings about the enemy within finally prompted President Botha to condemn the rugby initiative which was designed to bring about rugby unity through an Africa zonal cup, with South Africa playing Zimbabwe, Angola and Mozambique.

The complex nature of state power means that it is important to wage political battle on a broad terrain. Sporting struggles contribute to an overall war of position within southern Africa, but the dismantling of apartheid requires a co-ordinated struggle involving a broad degree of unity. The efforts of the National Sports Congress emerged from various forms of resistance including sport, and it is this organisation, more than the Afrikaner Broederbond, which is likely to illustrate for Mike Gatting and his men that apartheid is not cricket. ●



Andrzej Krauze

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Beware silly Pete

Martin Barker

Thus Peter Dawson, of the Professional Association of Teachers: "The whole nation is drugged by *EastEnders*. Parents and children should abandon sex, horror and *The Singing Detective* in favour of news, documentaries and science programmes." There is little point debating *EastEnders* with Mr Dawson. His world is so far from that of most readers of *NSS*, it would be futile. But let's think about his *ex cathedra* excommunication of popular TV. What does it reveal? And what warnings should it give us about ourselves?

One observation about the mass media probably has more evidence to support it than any other. It is this: the media's main influence is to convince us that other people are being influenced by it. This theory began as a way of accounting for the impact of election news on voting. People don't seem to change their own voting habits as a direct result of hearing, say, that Kinnock was pasted in parliament. But they may well believe that others will, and adjust their own behaviour in response. It's very tempting to extend the theory to make sense of the 150 years of scares about the influence of popular media on the young. No, "we" don't get violent after watching *Rocky IV*—but "they" might. "We" aren't drugged by soap operas—but the rest of you are. It's a dead useful theory, and helps to explain Peter Dawson's silly speech.

But not wholly. It wasn't just a case of attacking the influence of TV. First, PAT stands firm against strike action. Then it organises concessionary mortgages for its members. Then, it defends the "exceptional child" against the national curriculum. And alongside all those comes the attack on *EastEnders*. The result is a renewed, well-rounded image of "the professional". The trouble is, those with the power just aren't listening. Oh, they'll love that anti-strike pledge. But in the Thatcherite climate, teachers have as much chance of being accepted as definers of the needs of children as Marietta Higgs.

Time was when teachers were able to trade on their image of professional concern for the young. The involvement of the National Union of Teachers in the campaign against "horror comics" in 1954 was more than a little due to a desire to justify a sizeable wage claim. For two and a half years, they had dickered with the issue, nervous of being tarred as "communists" for attacking American comics. Then, suddenly, they changed course. With a rush of blood, they gathered the comics, mounted an exhibition and sent it round the country, made a filmstrip, summoned MPs and declared their central role as defenders of childhood. They organised a series of conferences, even, under the title "From Comics to Classics" (their version of news, documentaries and science programmes). And put in their pay claim: after all, "Professionals deserve professional rewards."

Much has changed since then. And in the last ten years the whole address of the new Toryism on education has altered the rules. First, bash the teachers' heads in with stories of failure, of excesses, of uncaring selfishness. Then, speak over their (bloodied) heads directly to "the people". We, the government, know what you want for your children, and we are going to squeeze these teachers with pressure, incentives, new rules, new curricula until they deliver.

Under a guise of protectiveness, both left and right denounce those things they don't like and can't control

No amount of cheap agreement by an association of goody-goody teachers is going to reverse that process.

There was a kind of sick inevitability about the attack on homosexuality. Heavens above, there is a gay couple in *EastEnders*! And what is worse, it's all so well made and acted! And we all know how much the children are being influenced, because they talk about it in the playground. And it's all outside our control.

As I say, a kind of sick inevitability. But that is partly our own fault. We also played their game. There is a kind of left professionalism that is also scared of "representations", that doesn't like the culture it can't control. "Our side" fumes at the predominance of images of heterosexuality. It's not that much different. To the right, one image of a gay or a lesbian is enough to contaminate. To the left, it's a "dominant heterosexist culture". In both cases, curiously, it is *stories* that produce most panic. And against the dangers must be set up lists, a canon of safe materials. All through the 1970s, popular cultural forms were being strip-searched for dominant assumptions. It's a game still being played. Only months ago, I read a report from Camden Libraries recommending "safe" comics for children to read. All very responsible, all very (left) professional. Poor kids, canons to the right of them, canons to the left of them.

There are elements common to left and right versions. The first, I can only think to call "the terror of representations". Left and right "professionals" seem to share a weird belief that anything story-like is particularly dangerous. And of course "we all know" that children are especially vulnerable: they can't be allowed to do their own choosing. They have no will in the matter, it having been stolen from them. We caring ones will do it for them.

The most curious moments are those when left and right combine in fearing the same objects: the "video nasties", the "horror comics". With labels like that, we can almost guess the damage, can't we? I've written elsewhere about both of those, so let me conclude with an earlier example. In the mid 19th century, left and right, Chartist leaders and government, combined to condemn the "corrupting influence" of the Penny Dreadfuls, the street literature of working-class young people. And none more so than one series, *The Wild Boys of London* of 1866.

So, when it was reprinted in 1873, police went into the printers in east London and pick-axed the plates. All copies vanished—until I located one in the British Library. Two parallel narratives were in fact running then about the street urchins' heroes. One lot were in the West Indies, and running into a pirate ship whose crew were all black, being escaped slaves. The other concerned the arrival in London, to press their cause, of two Fenians... Very "dreadful", very "corrupting".

Under a guise of protectiveness, both left and right label and denounce those things they don't like and can't control. It saves argument. By calling something "drug", "horror", "nasty", we can dispose of it quietly. The trouble is, in the process we distort the character of the things we fear, and collude in a culture of control.

Beware the professional censor, be s/he left or right.

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Checked Czechs

The rising tide of democracy in eastern Europe has yet to engulf Prague. But change may come suddenly, says Ian Traynor

Prague

Czechoslovakia is an anachronism at the very heart of the common European home. While all around it the world is turning on its axis, the one eastern European country where *perestroika* might have the best chance of succeeding has apparently turned its back on change. The regime is running dangerously frightened ahead of the anniversary of the event that put it in power, the Soviet-led invasion of 1968.

Miroslav Stepan, the tough party chief in Prague, has issued an unequivocal warning that the authorities will stop at nothing, including force, to keep order over the anniversary period. He gave the capital's police and the workers' militia, the armed wing of the party, a little pep talk on how to deal with insurgents. The official media, meanwhile, keep up a relentlessly manic campaign of vilification of the regime's opponents. Arrests, detentions and interrogations are routine for active opponents, all of which prompts fears of the China syndrome being repeated, albeit on a smaller scale.

The key difference between Prague and the reformist capitals of Warsaw and Budapest is economic. While sceptics plausibly argue that it was purely the derelict economies of Poland and Hungary that forced the communists to talk to the opposition and contemplate giving up 40 years of monopoly rule, the same process has failed to take place in Prague because the Czechoslovak economy is relatively strong, albeit in dire need of modernisation and restructuring.

The irony is that while the relative strength of the economy allows the fundamentalists in Prague to reject dialogue and *glasnost*, it is the very reason that *perestroika* could succeed there. By general consent, the gravest threat to *perestroika*, whether in Moscow, Warsaw or Budapest, is economically-inspired social unrest. Things have not yet reached that point in Prague, and provided it happened soon, political and economic liberalisation there could bring results much quicker than in Poland or the USSR.

Earlier in the century Czechoslovakia had one of the most highly developed economies in the world, on a par with Germany's. And even though prime minister Ladislaw Adamec admits that things are now going from bad to worse, the country, unlike its neighbours, still has no foreign debt to speak of and a much more highly developed industrial base than the others. This is one reason why the reformists are loathe to cavil about hardline Prague. They envy its economic stability and dare not jeopardise their trade with it.

If and when Prague does go reformist, it will add quite a new, potentially destabilising dimension to the concept of a new pan-European order. Although Gorbachev and his hardline counterpart in Prague, Milos Jakes, appear antagonists on the face of it, they both have a vested interest in stability in Czechoslovakia—Gorbachev because he has too much else to contend with, Jakes because he would be the prime target of any public revolt. "Gorbachev is simply aware of the very complicated situation of the empire. He does not want to create new problems," says Jiri Hajek, the veteran dissident who was foreign minister in '68.

Were this revolt to take place—and many believe it is just a matter of time—Prague would then link up with Warsaw and Budapest to form a new and formidable troika straddling central Europe, whose interests would not at all be shared by the Kremlin.

Hungary has already made it clear, as diplomatically as possible, that if permitted to develop independently it sees its future more closely tied to the west than to the east. A Solidarity government in Warsaw, not an unreasonable proposition even in the short-term, would share that view and seek to entrench the new disposition through the ties that bind—substantial western loans and investment. Were a reformist Prague to fall in alongside its neighbours, the effect would be to lay a timebomb under the Warsaw Pact, to set up a strong bloc between Gorbachev and the west as the single European market beckons, and to isolate the ageing leadership in East Berlin in its opposition to *perestroika*. The latter effect would be particularly far-reaching, coinciding with the growing "Europeanisation" of West Germany, its diminishing attachment to Nato and its rapprochement with the Kremlin.

All of which may be why Gorbachev and Jakes currently find themselves forced into an alliance of convenience, and why Gorbachev has not yet rescinded the "correctness" of the "fraternal aid" thrust on Prague in '68.

"Gorbachev criticises the stagnation under Brezhnev, but there is no criticism of the stagnation here imported from Brezhnev," says Hajek.

If the time is not yet right for Gorbachev to come clean on the invasion, a concerted campaign is now under way throughout eastern Europe to have the episode revised. The liberals in Poland and Hungary are doing their utmost to promote change in Czechoslovakia. The opposition in Prague has sent letters to the governments and parliaments of all five invading countries urging that the error be acknowledged, while Alexander Dubcek, the architect of the Prague Spring, has demanded the same of the Czechoslovak party, as has an opposition petition signed by some 12,000.

In earlier years the appeal might have fallen on deaf ears, but the Solidarity opposition in the

Josef Koudelka photographed this Prague street in August 1968. A mass demonstration was due to have started there at noon one day that month. The Prague Spring was over. Today, Czechoslovakia's democratic clock is still stopped. But as the pace of change quickens in Poland and Hungary, this street could soon play host to a new Prague Autumn

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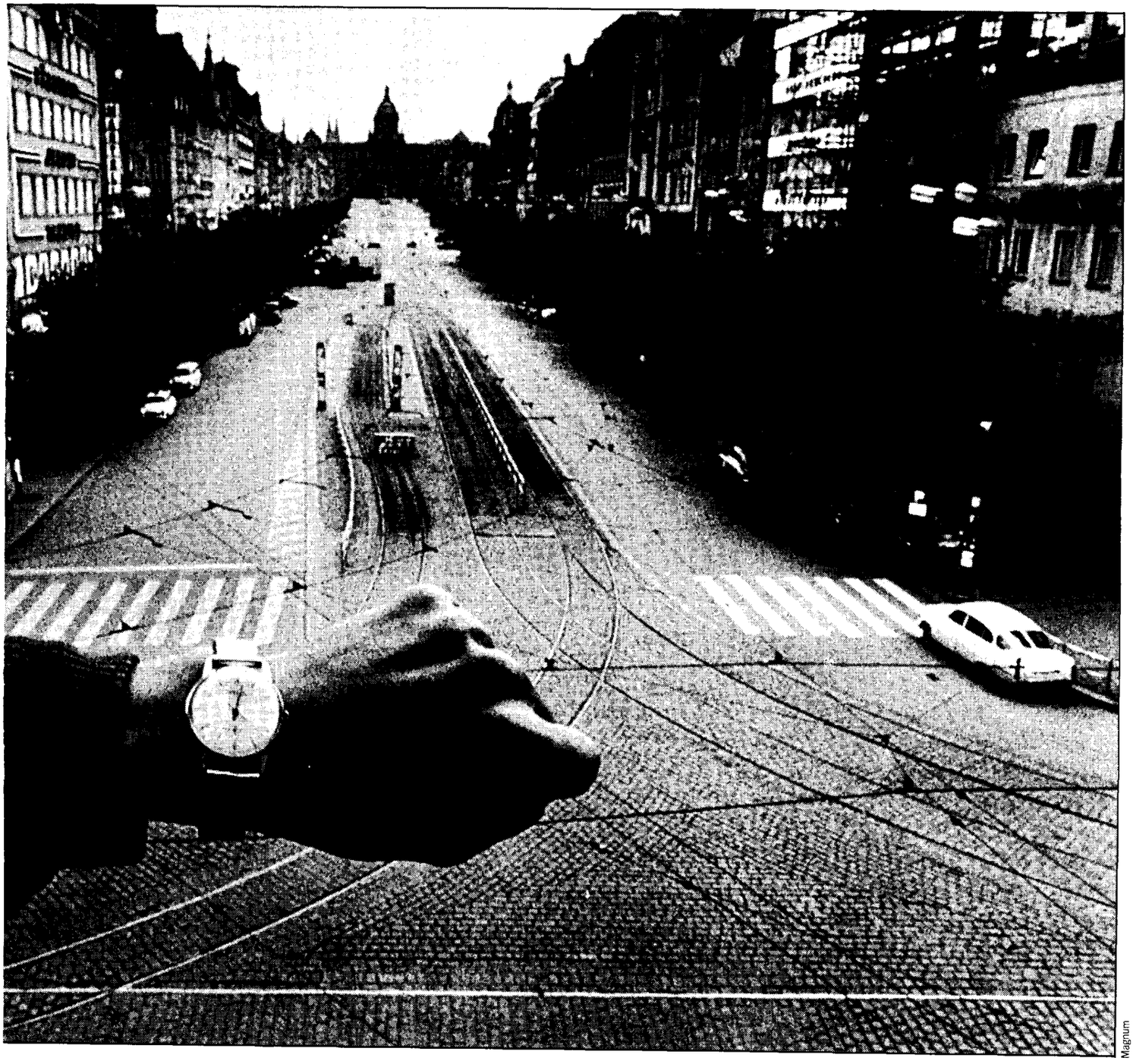

Magnum

Polish parliament can be relied upon to give the issue maximum publicity.

The Hungarians, both party and opposition, having just laid the ghost of their own Soviet invasion of 1956 to rest, can be expected to respond likewise. And if the issue remains embarrassing for Gorbachev, the radical caucus in the new Soviet congress is also likely to respond publicly, increasing the pressure on the Prague regime.

At the same time, Solidarity is seeking to tap its new official opposition status to press for change in Czechoslovakia. In the past six weeks, Adam Michnik, one of the movement's leading theoreticians, has been in Budapest, Moscow and Prague seeking the formation of a pan-eastern European alliance of oppositions and reform communists.

In Prague the Solidarity team made it clear that the reforms in Poland and Hungary were a "nonsense without a democratic Czechoslovakia". "It is impossible to live the life of a normal man with a wounded arm," said Zbigniew Bujak, another member of the Solidarity team. Meanwhile, the Hungarians lend their help by running candid television interviews—which are watched in Slovakia—with the likes of Dubcek and Vaclav Havel, the leading human rights campaigner.

But the Prague opposition, while growing bolder and stronger, is clearly apprehensive that blood could flow on 21 August. The Charter 77 human rights group remains ambivalent on the prospect of demonstrations. It will neither urge them nor oppose them, spokesmen say.

The regime is cracking and it leaks. "We have never had so much information from senior sources as now," says Jan Urban of Charter 77; but even if the regime is cracking, no one knows what will follow it. The problem is that Jakes made such a thorough job of purging the party after 1968, that it is impossible to identify any reformists waiting in the wings. All of the younger personnel are tainted by having made their careers in the wake of the invasion.

Western diplomats in Prague say that a groundswell of opposition confronts a paralysed apparatus with potentially dangerous results. After the party mouthed support for real economic reforms 18 months ago, even these changes seem to have ground to a halt because the party has turned out to be only only interested in tinkering that preserves its power.

Everything has been put on hold pending a new leadership. Prague is waiting for change. The tension is such that it could just take one incident to provide the spark. ●

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Muddy motives

When industrialists and conservationists cooperate, guess who comes off best. John Withington reports

On Teesside, the ducks paddle among the cooling towers, the wild orchids bloom on the slag heaps, and the seals bask by the oil terminal. The area is best known for its heavy industry, particularly chemicals and steel. But the Tees estuary is also a major centre for migrating birds, who keep coming even though their habitats on the mudflats and salt marshes have been progressively drained.

So where better to put into practice the prevailing orthodoxy that businessmen should be put in charge of the environment? Or, as the publicity for Britain's first INCA—Industry and Conservation Area—puts it: "The juxtaposition of heavy industry and areas of high wildlife importance around the Tees estuary makes Cleveland an ideal place for this experiment."

Others might see it differently. The Tees is badly polluted by industry, and environmental groups are fighting a furious battle to prevent the area becoming the chemical waste capital of Britain. Still, the experiment is under way. Teesside has got the first INCA; Merseyside will get the next; and by the end of the century, there could be 20 all over the country.

The INCA arose from an approach by ICI, which operates two huge chemical sites on Teesside, to the Nature Conservancy Council, which is financed by the Department of the Environment. ICI and the NCC have each put more than £20,000 into the kitty. Other local firms and organisations came up with another £20,000, and the INCA was up and running.

What is in it for industry is pretty clear from the words of John Banham, director general of the CBI, who helped to launch the INCA. Co-operation with conservationists was "clearly preferable to polarised opposition, with its reliance on formal planning and legal systems and its inevitable tensions, costs and delays."

The Teesside INCA has plenty of ICI influence. There are three staff. The director is a former ICI chemist, and the industry manager is on part-time secondment from ICI. (The conservation manager came from the local water board.) In addition, the eight-man board has a director from ICI, as well as two other businessmen, while the chairman is the chairman of the Teesside Development Corporation.

Since the INCA came into existence in February, its achievements have been modest. According to conservation manager Moira Owen: "We've stimulated a couple of small projects—the creation of a pond and an artificial beach to attract nesting terns. The pond at Seal Sands is going to be a total habitat feature. It's being colonised by plants, and artificial tunnels are being put in to attract shelducks—they nest in holes. The artificial beach is nicely linked to the other project. It uses material dug out from the pond. But we're hoping to do a lot more, starting in the winter."

Meanwhile another organisation has been formed on Teesside with a slightly pithier acronym—STINC—Stop Incinerators in Cleveland. Its object is to stop Ocean Environmental Management putting in another new feature on Seal Sands to join the artificial pond and beach—a hazardous waste incinerator.

STINC is unimpressed by the fact that OEM is one of the environment-friendly companies which are backing the INCA. For OEM are refreshingly upfront about their motives. According to managing director Jeremy Sayers, "In the context of our wish to establish a high-technology chemical waste incinerator... we are pleased that the opportunity arises through the formation of INCA for informal discussion... so that the need for and confidence in this project becomes widely acknowledged."

ICI's support for the INCA, according to Jim Carrick, one of their site managers, who sits on the INCA board, is a continuation of a long tradition of interest in the environment: "My hope is that the INCA will turn a lot of the confrontation—apparent confrontation—between industry and conservation groups into positive co-operation." He recognises that ICI is seen as a major polluter of the Tees. "Regrettably it's an image we have. I don't believe it's a justified image. We've reduced our discharges considerably, and we're spending tens of millions of pounds on a sulphuric acid recovery plant that will further improve the situation."

Jeremy Russell, who was seconded from Shell UK to the NCC believes that companies can exert peer pressure on each other: "The good companies can take a leadership role, helping to raise the standards of the less good." He rejects the idea that it is odd to put protection of the environment in the hands of industry. "Industry doesn't own the INCA. You could say that ICI have done a lot of damage, but they have also made a major effort to do the right thing. Industry has to take place in this country. The question used to be—conservation or development. I'm saying it can be conservation and development."

STINC is unlikely to be impressed. In the wake of the OEM application, at least four other firms have decided they would like to build incinerators on Teesside. ●

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Planet power

The Green surge may shatter the log-jams of politics

Sara Parkin

When Mrs Thatcher told her new Environment Secretary Chris Patten to "see off the Green Party", she was paying tribute to a pioneer component of the fastest growing and potentially most powerful political force the world has seen for some time. Modern governments don't hold special meetings or publish scurrilous pamphlets for "overnight" parties that attract only "dustbin" votes. Say what you like about her, Mrs Thatcher knows a threat when she sees one.

Since Daniel Brelaz entered the Swiss parliament in 1979 he has been joined by Green parliamentarians in 12 other countries as well as in the European parliament. In almost every industrialised country Greens now sit at some level of local government. And in countries where access to democracy is either proscribed or severely restricted, growing numbers of brave people are putting green ideas into practice in their everyday lives.

This March, a Lithuanian Green made history by being elected to the Chamber of People's Deputies in Moscow, with the political importance of environmental degradation in eastern Europe underlined in an eve-of-poll survey by the Soviet Association of Social Sciences. It showed that 74 per cent of people wanted to see a Green party on future ballot papers. Green parties are emerging in Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, the Baltic states and Czechoslovakia, while in Africa, Latin America and Asia the conservation of trees, local economic initiatives and the rights of women are being skilfully deployed in the cause of human survival.

In the past decade, recognition of the right to a life-sustaining environment as the most fundamental human right of all has inspired thousands of non-governmental organisations. It pervades a growing number of institutions, even big-time environmental destroyers like the World Bank, and dominates report after report on the future conditions of human existence.

Green parties are founded by people who, like Austria's Freda Meissner-Blau, know that "the only way you can instigate change is to threaten [politicians] in their power". But Greens also know that the more serious the threat, the more strenuous the defence. When Die Grünen's Joscka Fischer was appointed Minister of the Environment in the state of Hessen in 1985, the political response was ferocious. "It's like letting bacteria into the bloodstream," blustered a Liberal spokesman. "When the Greens exploit the environmental law to its full-stops and commas, it's going to be torture," was the more considered and accurate reaction of industry.

Since then kitsch greenery has proliferated, acting as camouflage for a major political offensive against the Greens. Socialists feel a bit of greenery will reverse their global decline and fragmented Liberals wonder if a touch of green glue might do the trick. Conservatives rake their patrician past for green credentials. A Centre for Policy Studies pamphlet even came up with the English passion for gardening as proof that "green consciousness" is not a "radical alternative philosophy but... the continuous manifestation of a quiet and conservative culture". Meanwhile, industry redoubles its efforts to persuade us that environmental protection can be bolted on to "business as usual"; the tiger in your tank has had a cub.

Hacking their way through this jungle of green gimmickry to clear space around the genuine green shoots will be the main task of the Greens from now on. If they concentrate on the strengths that have served them so well so far they will not get lost. Their biggest strength is the integrity of their programme, which even the *Economist* was forced to admit has "a robust internal logic".

As the environment manifests its power, it provides the ground on which human conflict might be resolved

Greens must also cherish their openness and honesty of political style. Politics should not and does not have to be "a dirty business". And like all movements who want to build majorities around their ideas, Greens must nurse their natural constituency. With women and young people predominant amongst Green supporters, a substantial and sustainable social majority seems assured.

In the past, politics was restricted to negotiating between the conflicting interests of groups of people. Now the planet reminds us that it alone holds the casting vote in human affairs. Paradoxically, although the environment manifests its supreme power over our lives, it also provides us with the natural ground on which human conflict might be resolved. Because the environment doesn't take sides, governments can use it to help them break the ideological habits of a lifetime.

Mr Gorbachev knows this. So do other leaders in eastern Europe. For example, when the Hungarian government wanted a face-saving excuse to stop an economically and environmentally disastrous project, they were obliged to break their own ideological limits and resort to democracy; the first officially sanctioned meeting and demonstration against government policy in Hungary since 1956 took place over the dam on the Danube.

Therefore Mr Patten would be wise to ignore his leader's instructions and try to sustain the Green Party and its threatened habitat, British democracy. If he is serious about tackling global warming he will need both of them. As he must have learned in his time at Overseas Development, the most successful projects are those which enjoy the active and willing participation of the people affected by them.

Like the Hungarian government he will find the diplomatic tool of Green pressure very handy when he sets out to recruit to his cause cabinet colleagues and their counterparts in other countries. How can he force the Treasury to take up "environmental accounting", give teeth to the pollution inspectorate, set strict limits to carbon dioxide emissions or prepare the historic compromise between rich and poor on this plundered and polluted planet if he doesn't have the Greens snapping at his heels?

Similarly, if Labour wants to earn a place in the history of the greening of the world and avoid seeing its epitaph carved on the back of the 1989 milestone, it will have to follow the example of Mr Gorbachev and make a dramatic gesture in the direction of democracy. As all the old political certainties crumble under the unprecedented pressures of the last decade of the century, it's those who acknowledge that the Greens are right who will survive.

Sara Parkin is a speaker for the British Green Party, co-secretary of the European Greens and author of "Green Parties—An International Guide", Heretic Books 1989

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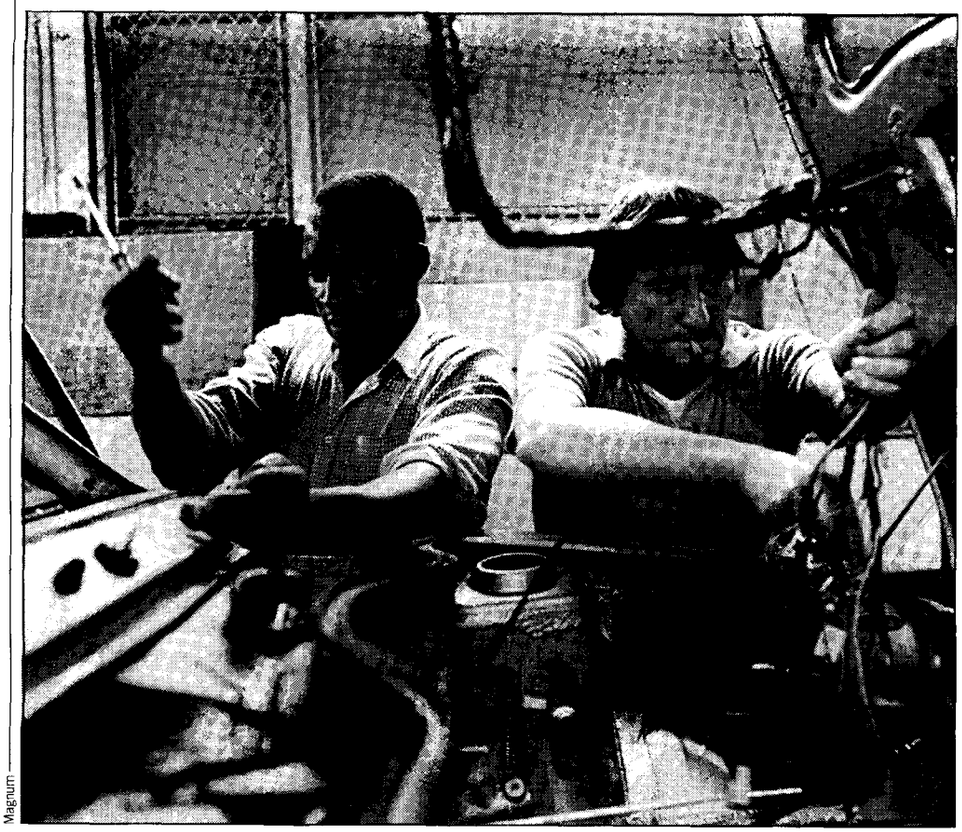
Charter accounts

Often cited, seldom read, the draft European Social Charter has become the holy grail of the British left. Mike George checks it out



Magnum

The single market should mean parity of rights for European workers, say the Charter's backers

Margaret Thatcher vilifies the European Social Charter by accusing its creators of introducing socialism via the back door. So there's an understandable reaction by opponents to assume that it must be a "good thing". On the surface, who could argue against proposals which might reintroduce decent trade union, employee and citizens' rights into Britain?

Some 65 per cent of the British population are said to favour the Social Charter, but what exactly is it? The Community Charter of Fundamental Social Rights is a framework of principles, largely drawn up by the office of EC social affairs commissioner, Vasso Papandreou. It draws both on long-standing Treaty of Rome clauses, such as Article 48 on freedom of movement, and on interpretations of the Single European Act (SEA), which provides for integration in 1992. Last year European Commission president Jacques Delors reflected French and German concerns over the impact of the single European market by launching a political initiative for a "social dimension". The new and energetic commissioner, Ms Papandreou, took this up and expanded it into a political platform on social as well as employment policy.

The charter now contains objectives on:

- the right to freedom of movement
- employment and remuneration
- the improvement of living and working conditions
- the right to social protection
- the right to freedom of association and collective bargaining
- the right to information, consultation and participation for workers
- health and safety
- the protection of children and adolescents
- the treatment of elderly people, and people with disabilities

Last month's Madrid Summit of EC leaders was largely taken up with monetary matters, but the Social Charter was also discussed, with the Prime Minister reiterating the British government's objections to it. So far this doesn't matter a great deal because the charter has no formal status in the process of government in the EC. But pressure from Delors and Papandreou aided by the French presidency of the Council of Ministers, and from others such as the European TUC, has resulted in a decision to produce an action programme based on the draft for the December Community summit.

This programme should indicate the types of law required, leading to a fully-fledged set of Commission proposals for next summer's summit meeting. Staff in Papandreou's office are now calling for proposals from organisations in member countries to further these aims. And the new European Parliament seems to be itching to get its hands on any new social legislation. Many MEPs (including some in the Christian Democratic group) strongly believe that a single market must have an adjoining social dimension.

Meanwhile, in Britain, last year's TUC called for a charter of workers' rights whose objectives are all in Papandreou's current draft document. Major unions, including the T&G, have come out in favour. On the employers' side, the Institute of Directors, and to a lesser extent, the CBI, have opposed it. But elsewhere in Europe matters are less clear cut.

The German government appears to back a social dimension—something to do, no doubt, with the forthcoming general election there. The German equivalent of the TUC—the DGB—firmly supports the charter, as does the latest version of the Italian government and most Italian unions. French unions are split, with the Communist-led CGT having little to do with the concept of social legislation in a bourgeois/capitalist Europe, and the Socialist CFDT federation in favour. The French and Spanish governments appear to be strong partisans. But the Danes worry that the charter might actually *reduce* employment and social rights in their country, and have voted against social legislation in the past.

All this may be of academic concern if Mrs Thatcher can continue to veto social proposals accepted by the other 11 countries on the grounds that only *certain* health and safety issues within the Single European Act can be passed via the qualified majority vote procedure (which removes Britain's right to veto). Decision by majority vote is a feature of the act.

But the authors of the Social Charter base many of its principles on clauses in the SEA. This means that majority voting would be adequate to pass them. The SEA clauses include:

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harmonisation of laws, improvement of the working environment, development of dialogue between management and labour at a European level, and economic and social cohesion. Much will depend on how these broad aims are interpreted. Proponents of the social dimension argue that the single market cannot operate efficiently without measures to allow the European populace full participation in economic and social life.

This looks like a lawyers' paradise, but political pressures also mould interpretations. The European Parliament has already made it clear that clauses in the SEA relating to the work environment should cover such employment rights as proper childcare facilities. And the Commission is sympathetic to the charter's goals. A senior official suggests that the proposed European Company Statute—which includes union rights to information and representation on top management bodies—will gradually be seen as requiring majority voting only.

In the end, the various proposals will be taken under different legal headings, and the Thatcher government is expected to try to pick them off, one by one. It will challenge their legality as such, and then challenge the rule of majority voting in the social policy area. This could be a long war of attrition, as the government submits one case after another to the European Court.

If and when draft laws emerge from the Commission, there will be a long debate. The German unions, for instance, seem unsure about whether they want a pan-European minimum wage framework, but would dearly like to see EC legislation overturn existing German laws which restrict various groups' right to strike. Unions in other countries (including Britain's TUC) are wary of any EC measures which encourage German-style arbitration, via a European Company Statute or otherwise.

Apart from this caveat, British unions and voluntary sector organisations see great possibilities in the types of proto-legislation outlined by the charter. For instance, the International Labour Organisation (ILO) recently put Britain in the top six countries which have most commonly flouted ILO, Council of Europe and United Nations conventions on employment and human rights; whereas the charter presumes adherence to these conventions.

There's now an urgent need to formulate and implement specific measures from the charter's broad-based principles. Anti-poverty lobbyists, to take one example, want to ensure that legislation doesn't reinforce the ghettoised nature of many poverty programmes. They want poverty brought into the centre of economic policy-making. So the Social Charter may be one of the best available vehicles to reform the EC's current segmentation of policy.

One final point: although EC laws generally supersede national laws, this isn't the case where there are fundamental rights guaranteed under a written constitution (as in West Germany and Italy, for instance). Of course, some constitutional rights aren't worth the paper they are written on. In its own way, however, the Social Charter again raises the issue of human rights and freedoms: another reason why Mrs Thatcher goes to such extremes to condemn it.

Welfare Watch

Bonus points

Tony Lynes counts the cost of Lawson's gaffe

Changes in means-tested benefits invariably make them more complicated. The extra £2.50 a week (£3.50 for a couple) which some pensioners will get from 9 October because of Lawson's indiscretions is no exception.

Most income support claimants aged 60-79 now get a "pensioner premium" of £11.20 a week for a single person and £17.05 for a couple. The over-80s and a minority of those over 60 who are sick or disabled get a "higher pensioner premium" of £13.70 single and £19.50 for a couple. To this none-too-simple pattern will now be added an "enhanced pensioner premium", incorporating the extra £2.50/£3.50, for those aged 75-79 getting the ordinary pensioner premium. So there will in future be three pensioner premium rates instead of two.

Pensioners in the same categories but with incomes above income support level may also gain, because similar changes are being made in housing benefit. They will not normally get the full increase: in most cases, those getting both rent and rate rebates will gain by £2.13 per week (£2.98 for a couple). But some will do better, because of the rule that rebates of less than 50p a week are not payable. The DSS leaflet gives an example of single pensioners who get no rebates because their notional entitlement is only 48p. From October they will get that amount plus the extra £2.13.

All this, and more, is explained in DSS leaflet Fig (short for figleaf?) 10, designed to explain the effects of the "embarrassment bonus" to professional advisers. It needs to be tackled with a clear mind, preferably early in the day.

Pensioners over 75 have received a shorter leaflet, NPI, with an income support claim form attached. Its main object is to encourage claims from those just too well off to qualify at present, but who will be entitled in October. After explaining that those already on income support or housing benefit will have their existing benefit increased automatically, it says, "if you do not at present get either benefit read on". The clear but erroneous implication is that anyone already on housing benefit need not read on. In fact, most of those becoming newly entitled to income support are getting housing benefit. What the leaflet ought to say, therefore, is "If you do not at present get *both* benefits read on".

When asked in a recent parliamentary question whether the leaflet would be amended to avoid the impression that pensioners receiving only housing benefit could not gain by claiming income support, the DSS minister, Peter Lloyd, brazenly denied that the leaflet gave any such impression. So nothing will be done and thousands of pensioners who do not read this column will lose out. The moral is obvious.

Disability

The long wait for Newton's law

Linda Lennard proposes a path out of poverty

Sitting on Tony Newton's desk as Secretary of State for Social Security are plans for another review of social security, this time centred on benefits for people with disabilities. Will the government choose to meet the massive unmet needs of the disabled population—over 6.5 million people—or simply work out the cheapest means of getting headlines that give the appearance of change but leave the majority of people as badly off as before?

Implemented in April 1988, the latest Social Security Act brought in a new benefits structure which has left more than one million disabled people worse off. Disability organisations are now waiting with increasing impatience for the Department of Social Security to make public exactly how this review will be carried out. The main national umbrella groups have formed the Disability Benefits Consortium to argue that it will have to satisfy some basic principles if it is to have any credibility.

First, it has to be open—with evidence and findings made public—and independent, not chaired by ministers; and it should include disabled representatives with knowledge of social security. Also, it must not be carried out on a nil-cost basis whereby gains for some are paid for by cuts for others, as happened with the last review.

Before the 1986 Act, ministers said that they could not make changes to benefits for people with disabilities until more information was available about their circumstances. Existing statistical information was indeed out-of-date and inadequate, although disabled people and their organisations knew and explained their own conditions. Anyway, the Office of Population Censuses and Surveys (OPCS) was commissioned to carry out a new national survey of disablement in Britain.

The first of the six OPCS reports was published last autumn with the sixth and final one coming out on 17 July. They were greeted with government silence on its intentions. The findings have confirmed—if further confirmation was needed—the link between poverty and disability. Despite them, the responsibility of OPCS to draw clear conclusions has been ducked, and any reference to poverty has either been omitted or subsequently expunged.

Nevertheless, the surveys speak volumes. There are at least 6.5 million disabled people in

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Britain, according to OPCS. Three-quarters—or 4.3 million—rely on state benefits as their main source of income at an average of just £65 a week. Less than a third of disabled adults are in paid work; and the earnings of those who are in work are substantially lower than those of non-disabled employees. More than 70 per cent of disabled adults were on incomes three-quarters or less of average income, after estimated extra spending on disability was taken into account. And 35 per cent were on incomes below half of average income.

The gap—or "income deficiency"—between disabled and non-disabled people was over £39 a week at 1988 prices, once the extra costs of disability are taken into account. Based on this figure, the total annual deficit in income for disabled adults, compared to non-disabled adults, was £7.8 billion. The Disability Alliance, part of the new Consortium, is pressing for a comprehensive disability income within the state system. The cost of such a scheme—at around £3 billion or £4 billion—pales into insignificance against the size of the need.

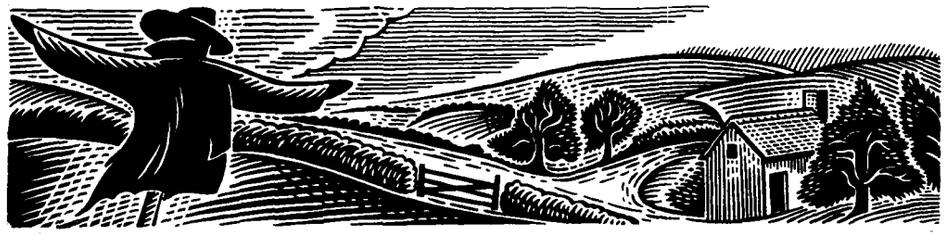
"Less than one-third of disabled adults are in paid work"

The scheme would consist of a disability pension and disability costs allowance. The pension would be a benefit replacement for earnings, designed for people of working age unable to work because of sickness or disability. It would take the place of existing benefits—invalidity benefit and severe disablement allowance (SDA)—which are meant to perform this function but grossly fail to do so. At present, the weekly basic rate of invalidity benefit is only £43.60, with SDA at just over £26.

Moreover, the new disability pension would eradicate the discrimination in the existing system, based as it is on national insurance contributions. Invalidity benefit is paid at a higher rate than SDA but someone can only get it if they have the right contributions record (as well as being incapable of work). If not, they may or may not get SDA (as it is littered with complicated qualifying conditions) and only then at the much lower rate of £26.20. The new disability pension would be based solely on incapacity for work. The other part of the Alliance's scheme would be an allowance towards the extra costs of disability, available to all disabled people and based on severity of disability. There would also be strong involvement of disabled people themselves in this assessment process.

The forthcoming review will be of crucial importance. The government could choose to bring in a series of measures in Social Security Bills, timed nicely with its next election strategy, involving a few hundred million expenditure for certain groups of people. This could give it the required PR result, but leave millions still in need. Or it could choose to make some fundamental reforms, to prevent poverty and promote independence.

FRINGE BENEFITS



Colin Ward fell in love with records too

As we're into the Silly Season I might as well confess that, apart from cars, I fell in love with records. This enthusiasm too was one stage removed from the real thing. What I really studied was record catalogues. Where I lived there was one shop, Saville Pianos, that stocked the ordinary repertoire of 78rpm 10 inch and 12 inch standards. All quite pricey, and I had no inkling of those invaluable secondhand shops in London, the Gramophone Exchange and, later, Harridges in Moor Street.

Woolworths had its own sixpenny brands, first the 7 inch *Eclipse* and then the 8 inch *Crown*. Some of its artists, like Doris Arnold or Vera Lynn, later became famous and others used pseudonyms. But it also sold for sixpence odd discs from sets issued by the big companies. (In those days the average opera needed three volumes of six records each).

So to this day I retain an over-familiarity with disconnected slices of the Verdi and Puccini operas, or of the chamber music repertoire from great quartets like the Lener (on Columbia) or the Busch (on HMV). What I pored over were the catalogues of the major companies. In the 1930s there were (besides HMV and Columbia) Parlophone, Regal-Zonophone, and the new outsider Decca, with its access to incredible European discs, as well as the strange fruit of the imported Brunswick label. I didn't know, of course, that they were all trading markets between themselves.

Studying these lists, ticking off performances I chanced to hear on the radio or on other people's records, I gathered a haphazard folklore of musical chat. I now bore my family of musicians with the precise evening in Worcester when I heard the Beecham/Roy Henderson performance of Delius's *Sea Drift*. I can tell them of the discs where Britten plays the viola, or Elisabeth Schumann sings a single word for Lotte Lehmann, who had thoughtlessly wandered out of reach of the microphone.

Needless to say, I can recall the nice story of how when HMV's engineer played back to John McCormack his performance of a great Handel aria, the singer listened and exclaimed, "By God, it's impossible". The mere chance hearing on the radio of singers like Conchita Supervia or Tito Schipa brings me out in a rash of superlatives. The pre-war HMV catalogue also had a historical section, which simply accumulated spoken word records of famous people and a few musical performances which were too old or poorly made to be sold to unsuspecting punters. As I remember, it was full of election addresses by people like Lloyd George, Stanley Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald or J R Clynes, or the likes of Grieg playing his own works through a fog of technical defects. (The record trade had a conspiracy of silence about the fact that every composer from Debussy to Gershwin made piano rolls that enable us to know precisely what they sounded like.)

But the HMV historical list was a doorway to the very idea that sounds could illuminate history. It included, for example, records of Tolstoy or Gandhi. Later we got used to the fact that the BBC Sound Archives can, through the magic of Edison's cylinders, let you hear Gladstone, Tennyson or Florence Nightingale.

The marketers of every new technique had a vested interest in making the last one obsolete. So after the cylinder phonograph, used in folk-collecting by Béla Bartók, came the disc, the blatnerphone wire, the film soundtrack. Finally, after the delayed introduction of long-playing records, came tape, which has changed everything. Not just any performance, but anyone's recollections have for many years been instantly recordable. There's an avalanche of oral history, an overwhelming treasury from the past. What gets recorded no longer depends on a handful of impresarios. Unknown inventors democratised sound.

But somebody, somewhere, has to catalogue it, a task too amorphous to be contemplated. The National Sound Archive has just completed the next best thing. It has produced a handy, if pricey, *Directory of Recorded Sound Resources in the United Kingdom* (British Library £30), researched by Jeremy Silver and edited by Lali Weerasinghe. This lists with every detail nearly 500 holdings of recorded sound, ranging from the National Sound Archive's own two million commercial and private items, and the BBC's two incomparable accumulations, down to your local reference library's cupboardful of tapes gathered in the 1970s.

They've attempted the impossible, since it's so difficult to define what a collection is. But I'm so pleased to see in it, not only the wonderful gatherings of oral history that tape has made possible, but the old-style hoardings of unreformed gramophone nutters. Mr Leo Anthony Harris (author of *I Hear You Calling Me*), is there with his irreplaceable records by John McCormack, and Mr Hughes of mid-Glamorgan, who has endlessly pressed the claims of the Peter Dawson Appreciation Society.

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Abbas/Magnum

Converts from Chicago study the Koran in Mali

The west and the rest

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DISCOVERING ISLAM: MAKING SENSE OF MUSLIM HISTORY AND SOCIETY
Akbar S Ahmed
Routledge £9.95

Bhikhu Parekh

For over 200 years the west has exercised massive intellectual and political domination over the rest of the world and sought to shape it in its own narrow image. The modes of thought acquired during the imperialist phase continue to inform much of contemporary thought and practice and are shared alike by the left and right. Western leaders evidently intend to "punish" the Chinese government for its disgraceful massacre of its citizens and to "teach" it democratic principles. They also evidently intend to "guide" the Soviet Union and eastern Europe towards a "civilised" liberal-democratic form of life. The west's headmasterly habit of behaving like a global guardian shows no signs of dying.

Though the centuries of western hegemony have had some salutary effects on the third world, they have also exacted a heavy price on both sides. The west conceptualised other civilisations in ideologically biased terms and totally misunderstood them. The rest of the world ceased to be an "authentic other", an independent self-defining entity with its own identity and integrity, and became instead the "west's other", a parasitic and externally defined object.

Lacking the opportunity to enter into a creative dialogue with other civilisations, the west was unable to look at itself from the outside and take a balanced view of its historical achievements and limitations. Since understanding oneself and others are integrally related parts of a common process, the west misunderstood not only other civilisations but also its own. This false, or at least inadequate, self-understanding rendered it unable to offer a satisfactory diagnosis of its problems and has been a source of much of its current malaise.

As for the rest of the world, it felt deeply threatened at the loss of its civilisational identity and integrity under western domination. It bitterly resented the systematic western distortion of its history and character, but lacked the will and power to counter it with an alternative statement of its own. Psychologically unhinged and morally unstable, it opted for either an uncritical imitation of western values and practices or an equally uncritical assertion of its fatally fractured way of life.

No third world country can reject its pre-imperialist history and its cultural and dispositional sediments any more than a man can leap out of his skin. However, the European impact is also a part of that history and has lodged itself too deep into its blood stream to be removed without a haemorrhage. The painful struggle to integrate its fractured past and to harmonise its pride and self-respect with the political need to flatter the hegemonic west characterises every third world country and offers a clue to its restless and unhappy self-consciousness.

The post-colonial world remains dangerously unstable and explosive without a better understanding between the west and the rest of the world. Such an understanding can only come from an inter-civilisational dialogue conducted in a spirit of equality and with a view to evolving a more broadly based universal framework of discourse. The dialogue cannot occur unless each party feels the need for it. And it cannot feel the need unless it becomes genuinely self-critical and recognises that the other has something meaningful to contribute to its enrichment and regeneration.

In their own different ways the two books under review reiterate the need for such a dialogue. They approach the subject from the standpoint of Islam, the only non-western civilisation the west once feared and respected and with which it developed a highly complex relationship. Rosen analyses the Islamic, especially the Moroccan, legal system and shows how western writers have gravely misunderstood it and can still benefit from some of its central principles. Akbar Ahmed analyses the current degenerate state of Islam and shows how it has no hope of regenerating itself without a critical dialogue with the west.

Almost all western legal systems are organised along liberal democratic lines. Every western society is constituted in the form of a state, an abstract and impersonal system of gover-

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nance. The state consists of citizens and not of men, citizenship being an officially accredited juridical form through which otherwise private human beings acquire public status and political reality. It regulates their relations by means of equally abstract and general laws laying down formal norms of conduct. Laws representing the "artificial reason" of the state conceptualise human relations in terms of such abstractly defined categories as reasonableness, negligence, wilfulness and intentionality. Courts which confine themselves to the realm of such laws apply them to individuals on the basis of a periodically rationalised body of precedents and procedures. The modern western society thus represents a highly abstract and complex mode of existence in which constantly self-abstracting human beings assume different *persona* on different occasions, harbour different—even conflicting—selves, and daily face the agonising task of remaining whole and integrated.

The traditional Islamic society structures its collective life very differently. As Rosen shows, the Moroccan society views man as a socially situated being necessarily related to himself and to others in a specific manner. To understand him is not to grasp a hidden inner essence but to examine the way he speaks and acts and relates to others in a host of specific situations. He is a member of a family, a tribe, a village, but these do not determine or dictate his behaviour. Rather they form the outer structure laying down the broad range of expectations he must take into account in freely negotiating his relations with others. The social whole organises rather than governs, structures rather than regulates individuals. Contrary to Orientalist mythology individuality is not only as much cherished in the Islamic and other third world societies as in the west, but it is also often more secure and rounded.

Within such a cultural context the purpose of law is not to impose an abstract norm but to put people back in the position of being able to negotiate their permissible relationships. The courts are the agencies not of the state but of the community and aim to enforce its pervailing values and practices, to stabilise relations between contending parties and to increase their capacity to manage their social relations. They thus protect the community against the state and reintegrate the individual within his community. The courts are concerned with cultural not logical consistency, with the coherence of the community's way of life rather than with the abstract formal consistency of legal norms and precedents. This means that in an Islamic system legal concepts do not take on a life of their own.

Under Islamic law justice does not consist in applying a uniform rule or treating similar cases similarly. Since each case is deemed to be unique, the application of a uniform rule is seen as a source of injustice. Justice consists in the fact that all cases are subjected to the same holistic mode of analysis, the individuality of their circumstances are *equally* taken into account, and a decision is *impartially* reached in the light of generally accepted notions of human well-being and harm. Justice thus is not an abstract and formal, but a concrete and substantive, notion. It deals with an individual not in terms of how others are treated but how he or she deserves to be treated, and is non-comparative and non-reductionist in orientation. It is not wrenched from, but grounded in, considerations of human well-being.

In short, the Islamic system of law is informed by an individuated, contextualised, humanist and personalised conception of justice. There is much concern in the west to put man at the centre of the legal system and to humanise its central principles and procedures. Though the Islamic system has its problems and is currently facing a crisis created by the new notions of agency, intentionality, causality and statistical probability inherent in an industrial society, Rosen rightly insists that a dialogue with it cannot but enrich the internal debate in the west.

Unlike Rosen, Ahmed is primarily interested in the political and cultural crisis facing Islam. He is disturbed by the chasm between Islam's cultural potential and historical promise and its current degenerate state. It emphasises the values of peace, universal brotherhood, community, equality, piety and the pursuit of knowledge. Hardly any of these is much in evidence in any of the 44 Muslim countries today. As the author puts it, "The few Islamic voices which speak with learning and courage are isolated. The intellectuals are bankrupt; the saints invisible."

Almost all the Muslim countries are dictatorships. Some have been involved in brutal wars with others. The status of women in most is low and degraded. Social and economic inequalities are deep and widespread. The allegedly pious Saudis gloat in their newly acquired wealth and do not hesitate to exploit religious sentiments. As Sheikh Yamani once said to a foreigner, "One day even we will run out of oil. But we will never run out of Mecca and Medina."

While Ahmed's analysis is acute and courageous, his diagnosis is somewhat superficial. He blames Muslim degeneration on European colonialism, "an unmitigated disaster" as he calls it. In his view colonialism fragmented the Islamic *Umma*, politicised religion, introduced alien values and institutions, and arrested the natural evolution of Muslim societies. Its racist arrogance initially provoked a shattering sense of inferiority and later a morbid hatred of the west from which the late Ayatollah Khomeini drew much of his appeal. Ahmed does not inquire whether Muslim degeneration did not precede colonial rule, why its fundamentalist spokesmen were the keenest collaborationists and why, unlike the Hindus and Chinese, Islam did not turn colonial rule to its advantage.

Since Ahmed's diagnosis is inadequate, his remedy remains unsatisfactory. He is convinced that the regeneration of Islam requires a critical reappraisal and mobilisation of its cultural resources. Its basic values are by no means bankrupt. But they do need to be redefined, fertilised by a critical dialogue with the west and adapted to the new social and economic reality. Ahmed does not analyse the difficulties involved in such a non-fundamentalist return to fundamentals. Nor does he ask whether the fundamentals themselves may not be a part of the problem.

Sixties people

SUMMER PEOPLE
Marge Piercy
Michael Joseph £12.95

Nicci Gerrard

In the sixties and seventies, Marge Piercy was zealous and committed. Her novels might have been bossy and heavy-handed but, fired by dramatic certainty, they managed to express contemporary disaffections and anxieties. *Summer People*, however, is grumpy rather than enraged, and gloomy rather than appalled. Like its main characters, who all flowered in the sixties and are ill at ease in the ageing eighties, the novel flounders in its unfocused pessimism: 390 pages in search of hope or anger.

The plot hardly exists; instead Marge Piercy elaborates upon a claustrophobically middle class situation. At first it is a cosily mobile triangle: Dinah the composer loves Willie the sculptor and his wife, Susan the designer; Willie loves Susan and Dinah; Susan loves Dinah and Willie. They all fuck (Marge Piercy's favourite word) each other, and for ten years the only real complication has been whose bed to use.

Then, when the summer people from New York arrive in Cape Cod and disrupt the artists' *ménage à trois*, it becomes a game of musical chairs, with dum-de-dum melodies and nails sticking out of some of the seats. Susan covertly desires tycoon Tyrone, who takes advantage of her insecure sycophancy but who really wants neighbour Candida of the plunging cleavage: Susan and Willie's easygoing son Jimmy mildly fancies Tyrone's inane daughter Laurie; Dinah falls for frail and brilliant flautist Itzak; Willie just wants everyone to be happy—but few of *Summer People*'s characters manage that.

There is a lot of functional rather than erotic sex, a good deal of eating (of food and of each other) and several clever descriptions of people's clothes (Willie wears baggy jeans and silk underwear, ebullient Dinah sports sneakers and high-necked purple shirts, Susan drifts in chiffon). Curious conversations take place in a void; Dinah and Willie and Susan talk about feeling "deeply connected", about "growth" and about the importance of sensitive "discourse", as if by constantly naming emotions they can give *Summer People* the emotional resonance it lacks.

There is a thread running through the novel, which occasionally tautens and quivers: the artists were swept up by the sixties, and dumped when its energy faded. Their story becomes a struggle against passivity, and their uncontroversial lifestyle is one way of staving off a sour and dulled middle-age. They cannot really make sense of the eighties but neither, it seems, can Marge Piercy, for she spins out and befuddles this central idea. *Summer People* is a novella in shoulder pads, wrongly dressed for its season.

Although a tragic crisis jerks the central characters out of the angst-ridden torpor where they have been churning, and enables them to look to an excruciatingly cheerful future,

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Summer People is not an optimistic novel. Its happy-ever-after ending is a sentimental coda to a lugubrious tale. Love, honesty and doggedness are the trinity of virtues Piercy obviously admires, but all of her cast are opportunistic and fickle. Even the artists, who, in a prolonged fit of cultural snobbery, are "better" than the metropolitan philistines, hurt or deceive each other in the name of love. While she is apparently advocating loyalty and spiritual warmth *à la* west coast of America, Marge Piercy actually gives us a heavily embellished and cunningly overdressed survival of the fittest. It is hard to believe this is her intention.

Summer People is a mournful and flat-footed trudge away from the fierceness of *Woman on the Edge of Time* or *Vida* to a swampier dejection. It is a sincere and persistent novel but, in the end, tedious.

On the front line

NEWS IN THE REGIONS: PLYMOUTH SOUND TO MORAY FIRTH
Alastair Hetherington
Macmillan £12.99 paperback/£35 hardback

Ray Gosling

This is a good book: of an academic vein but none the worse for that. It's a thorough look, listen and read at the state of regional news 1988: that is, the daily and evening press, commercial and BBC local radio, ITV and BBC regional television in four areas—west Yorkshire, central Scotland, west midlands and the English south-west.

Alastair Hetherington was editor of the *Guardian*; he was Controller, BBC Scotland, and is now Professor of Media at Stirling. So he knows what he's looking for. Like an HM inspector of schools, or visiting magistrate, he's marking the card at every one of the stations and papers he visits. Marks for persistence, as in the uncovering of Brummie girls sold for marriage in the Yemen. Marks for presentation, and working under pressure. Plus points for investigative journalism, and being clear in speech; "being pleasing to see" and, for TV pairs, "smooth passing".

Black marks for language abuse, for bias, triviality, "being ragged", for needless adjectives, reprinting PR or S & S (sex and scandal) of which—the latter—he finds none. This is true. It's quite remarkable how clean the provincial media is of the passions that make up the *Sun*.

Except in the free sheets? Maybe, but Hetherington does not consider in detail the free sheets. They'd be weekly and, like a judge on a commission of inquiry, Hetherington binds himself to his remit. What he does is compare day by day, through a week, across the regular media—in his four regions—how news stories are gathered, checked and chosen. Why so-and-so made the lead, and such-and-such was dropped. He makes comparative statistical analyses, by category, in inches and minutes—and concludes with a balanced judgment, that in general standards were high. No howlers? Not really.

The high standards apply to the big papers like the *Coventry Evening Telegraph* (11 editions, 96,000 sales, 100 journalists) and also to the tadpoles like Mercia Sound, ILR with only 10 journalists yet a 53 per cent "reach". To the traditional *Western Morning News* (which, incidentally, I learn in this book, now outsells the mucked-about-with *Birmingham Post*), and to Radio Cornwall (total staff 26) which, with a 50 per cent "reach", is the most listened to of the English BBC local radio stations.

Within each area Hetherington finds the local media do initiate, do investigate. They are analytical and inquisitive. But are they radical? Oh now. Do they stir up? Not really. Are they an irritant? Not much.

Why do the regional media reflect the establishment, certainly at a glance? Hetherington doesn't fudge this issue. They do, he writes, reinforce "socio-centralism", or the status quo, because they "reflect what broadcasters perceive as the attitudes of the reader—and most people want peaceful, prosperous and orderly lives". Hail Democracy. Hail Freedom of the Media. Three Cheers for the Middle Road.

Of course, the charter of the BBC, the IBA and the Press Council have upheld, to date, sacred tenets of impartiality—but aren't the BBC frightened now? Regionally, they're not. Cut back—yes. Spoonfed by the powerful and lackeys to our rulers—rubbish. The commercials are in the pockets of the Tories? No, or yes: it doesn't seem to matter. When you look closely, as Hetherington does, at who is writing and reading the news, they are often alone—and in seconds, they have to make intuitive decisions: what to defer, what to ditch, what to wipe. And particularly on local radio, particularly in the morning when it is the young who are on their own.

They're often radicals themselves, yet how they present news is professional and that means, almost unwittingly, they follow the socio-centralist line. Maybe this dedication to standards is a residue of Aunty and the IBA rulebook. We shall not know until it's too late. This book is a glorious study of a wonderful moment, and how proud our news stood in the regions, the boys and girls on the front line, in the final year before deregulation really bites.

But the weight of evidence of sobriety, fair play and common good in this book made me wonder if I might not welcome deregulation. For the de-newsification of society. Gazooks, let's see what's on the satellite. Would there were a regional *Sunday Sport*, or the *Midland Militant*, and why weren't some scurrilous free sheets considered?

Because all this adherence to worthy principle produces, I don't know, a "so-what"... to news... a blandness? Superman, when he worked on the *Daily Planet*, was a citizen Bore. But then, I'm not a journalist. I'm from features, where the crusted and the potty, the radical and the conservative had always been able to shine a local light in signed and biased opinion—once upon a time—until news became so bloody over-important.

Little green men

THE LANGUAGE OF THE NIGHT: ESSAYS ON FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION
Ursula Le Guin
Women's Press £5.95
DANCING AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD: THOUGHTS ON WORDS, WOMEN, PLACES
Ursula Le Guin
Gollancz £14.95

Amanda Mitchison

In the light of George Bush's new space programme, it is perhaps appropriate that science fiction is slowly being subsumed into the canon of English literature. Ursula K Le Guin, one of America's most talented fantasy writers, claims that in the United States the professors have set up camp on Aldebaran. Gloobian Slime Monsters and Antipastomater Denudifiers are becoming acceptable objective correlatives. She points to "that face looking out of the fifth-storey window of the Ivory Tower, that's the Little Green Man".

Many of the essays in these two anthologies started life as university lectures and so are a direct result of science fiction's new-found and still uncertain respectability. Like Le Guin's novels, her essays and reviews reveal the workings of an erudite, elegant, fantastical mind. And as befits a creator of strange and wonderful worlds, even her non-fictional writing shares something of the Little Green Man's fifth-floor view down on earth. These essays are not whimsical but they approach subjects with vast, surprising sidesteps.

Le Guin begins a lecture to a family planning conference by recounting a fairy tale. She can make a drive down the A34 seem quite otherworldy: "great, long, pale Wiltshire distances... a bare-armed boy in a black singlet, herding calves by a haystack, his red-gold hair, white skin—the white is strange... Brown and yellow ploughlands paling into chalk streaks..." Even the Le Guin subject cataloguing system—small arrows beside the title of the essay means "travel", squares are for "literature", circles indicate "social responsibility"—demonstrates a certain idiosyncracy.

The Language of the Night is aimed largely at fantasy and science fiction writers. Though the collection is sprawling and clumsily edited, it includes some fine critical appraisals of the grand old masters: Lord Dunsany, E R Eddison, J R R Tolkein and Zamyatin. Fantasy, Le Guin claims, is "the language of the inner self... it tries to hint at an order and clarity underlying existence... it must be totally artificial but never fake". However, the genre is under threat from modern writers producing pot boilers with an overlay of funny names, phoney archaic English and "Ichors". "You know Ichor. It oozes out of several tentacles, and beslimes tessellated pavements, and bespatters bejeweled courtiers, and bores the bejesus out of everybody."

Many of the most interesting and incisive pieces in *Dancing at the Edge of the World* are

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POETRY

The Steamer of the Dead

Neil Rennie

The head-he-go-round men are up late,
hardboiled, listening to the flagpole.
The dogs have risen and walk the shore,
among the traces of the European boots.
Cane flashlights show the steamer's there.
Its rails are lined with John's white boys.

Colonial Incident

Richard Sanger

Nairobi, 1960. It's spring on the outskirts
And the local sunflowers are looking
To the Home Counties for direction.
She levers open a tin of Lyle's golden syrup
And out comes the roar of a lion:
ATROCITIES ON BOTH SIDES! The report
The London paper carried is wildfire.
The settlers gather at the club up in arms.

What? A couple of corpses in a roadside ditch?
The beery-eyed kaffirs, they probably got hit.
It's the new reporter. Wife's Canadian.
Travels too much. Trusts Kikuyu lies.
He's away now. He'll never substantiate it.
The Kenya Regiment have sidled up
On their high horses. There's no stopping them,
The way they throttle a conversation.

As the dust settles, she finds herself
Well beyond the place as defined by
Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefield, OBE.
The vicar pops in to explain his distress
Over tea and much talk of local scarcities.
He starts, "It's a sticky business...",
Then notices two stray insects as his fingers
Reach a compromise with the treacle tart.

On the Trail

Ian Duhig

"Christ goes deeper than I do, but I have wider experience"
(Frank Harris)

In the green lamplight under the East River
Irish sandhogs talked of cattle-raids and queens,
Whether Hickock could outfox Conchobar
Or the terror of the bends and its visions.

The hotel cattletramps taught him ranch-brands
And changing them, to file a trigger-action
So a woman's touch would loose all five rounds,
Sioux cures for premature ejaculation

And the picture-songs of the Ojibwas.
When the bootblacks shared their marijuana,
Then Frank dreamed of The Sacred Band of Thebes
Buried miles from Schliemann's dig in Chaeroneia,

Of Rhodes signing his telegrams, "The Women
Of Johannesburg". He turned from his own future
As from the raw vision of Emma Goldman
Who'd sell herself for the price of a revolver.

Emigrants from Sutherland, May 1848

Alistair Elliot

"What with their songs, their music, and the beating of their feet, as they danced under the inspiration both of whisky and pipes, there was a tolerable noise kept up till daylight. But...it was impossible and unjust to be angry with the poor fellows..."
(Charles St John, 1849)

We steam past Handa Island: the birds stay
Forever, laying eggs for someone else,
And when we've all left, laying for themselves.

Is this like dying? I feel sick and free,
Lifted so easily towards the sky.

Inland, the gentleman with the boat on wheels
Has set off osprey-fishing in the hills,
So gently preying on the birds of prey...

I shall be free as him when we step out
In Arcady, where the ospreys nest in trees
And the people live in wood instead of stone,
Where no one has to send away for grain
Or leave his land to work, and no one dances
The exiles' dance, *America*, all night...

Consumer Durables

Mark Ford

Our last trip together
Had all the ingredients of disaster: you
In satin-grey flounces, trimmed with lace,
And topped by three tiers of head-gear sporting fake, colourful birds
In the act of perching; for myself
A heavy smile, a devoted laugh,
Jokes and anecdotes beyond belief...

Sometimes I "want" poetry
As a man wants a woman, or a brave his squaw.
The sea clutches its single pebbles to its breast,
A packet on the misty grey horizon,
The time almost four o'clock. For hours
I've watched these bare-assed
Men, women, and children, ecstatic in their doings,
I can feel the tingle of the sun myself
As I make my way back to my shore-side condominium.

And then the approach of evening
Is like stepping into space. The clanking machinery
Of the ferris wheel rumbles beneath each thought,
As we dawdle around the shies, and pop-gun ranges,
Though our easy chairs beckon. You beg a ride on anything
But I refuse. Beneath the shadows
Of the outhouses I ate the last one
And ground the empty packet
Back into the sod with my heel.

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marked with a small feminist symbol. Some essays take up Virginia Woolf's concerns over the aesthetic and practical problems facing women writers. Le Guin also re-examines the sexual politics of her own fiction and of her own "thought experiments"—such as the invention of "kemmer". In *The Left Hand of Darkness* the planet Gethen is inhabited by androgynes who, most of the time, are sexually inactive and impotent. But they also undergo periods of kemmer when the sexual impulse becomes enormously strong and takes over the personality. They find a partner, assume a male or female role (no Gethenian is predisposed either way) and disappear into the kemmerhouse.

Kemmer turns out to have drastic consequences for Gethenian society, which Le Guin says that she is now not so sure that she interpreted and worked out correctly. But the very idea is typical of Le Guin at her best: genial, subversive and oddly probable. And of course it provided the opportunity to include the inestimable line: "The King was pregnant."

London burghers

THE MAKING OF THE ENGLISH MIDDLE CLASS: BUSINESS, SOCIETY AND FAMILY LIFE IN LONDON, 1660-1730
Methuen £25

John Brewer

Late Stuart London dominated the nation. The 'centre of foreign trade, domestic commerce, industry, finance, politics and culture, the metropolis fed off the rest of the nation, devouring Scottish cattle, East Anglian fowl, Westcountry butter and cheese, while relying for its growth on the steady flow of provincial and foreign immigrants whose labour was its lifeblood. With a population of half a million, London was the largest city in Europe, the fourth greatest conurbation in the world. In contrast no other English town was much bigger than a modern university.

Appropriately enough, the citizenry of Defoe's London are the subject of Peter Earle's *The Making of the English Middle Class*. There were plenty of them—between 20,000 and 25,000 households at his estimate—they lived in the only real city, and they displayed many of the features that we today would think of as middle class.

But the title of Earle's book is misleading: it is less about the processes by which a class is formed—whether by class conflict or economic development—than a remarkably precise anatomy of a social group; less like E P Thompson's impassioned study of the working class from which Earle takes his title and more like a special issue of *Social Trends* offering statistical precision to what previously was an ill-defined and amorphous group.

Drawing on an exceptionally rich sample of London burghers, backed by prodigious and detailed research, Earle lucidly elaborates the workings of the metropolitan economy: its commerce, manufacture and retailing, its professions and the many services on offer. His assessment of business life emphasises the many pitfalls and numerous strategems designed to avoid them, the opportunities for investment and profit, the life-cycle of the man in trade, and the role of women. He ends with a commanding survey of how families and households knitted together production and consumption, uniting the rigours of work with the pleasures of play.

The picture that Earle paints includes warts and all. The middle classes emerge as hypochondriacal, carnivorous, nosey, vain (with a keen eye to personal fashion), tight-fisted (giving little to charity) and acutely conscious of subtle differences of status. Yet they are also shown to be skilled entrepreneurs with a reputation for industry and inventiveness, companionate families in loving households, and capable of exuberant excess.

Some of this is familiar ground: the complex and frightening webs of credit and debt; the importance of reputation and therefore of public appearances; the marginal but nevertheless important role of women; the centrality of the household comprised of apprentices and servants as well as the bourgeois family; and the lack of interest of most burghers in a country estate. But Earle also uncovers some fascinating new territory. He shows London neighbourhoods to have been remarkably stable: half of his sample of residents over 60 had lived in the same place for 15 years; nearly 40 per cent for 20 years or more. Even in a teeming city of half a million, marked by high mortality rates and with constant immigration, it was possible to have the neighbourliness (and noseyness) we associate with a village community. Earle also shows how longer life expectation increased the personal wealth of the London middle class. As life expectation rose, so did the period of accumulation.

But most interesting of all are the changes that Earle traces in the environment of the home. Sash windows, together with large mirrors used as pier and mantle glasses, filled homes with unprecedented light. New styles of furniture with lighter fabrics and cane frames, together with the arrival of the "easy chair", marked the beginnings of modern comfort. Growing use of the fork, the ownership of tea tables and coffee sets indicate not only changes in diet—the arrival of coffee, the extensive consumption of sugar and tea—but a new refinement and sensibility. So too do the prints and pictures, the fine china, clocks and books that adorn the middle class house.

Much can be digested from Earle's book, but such a rich feast still leaves the appetite unappeased. Perhaps we are fed too inexorably: there is great advantage to the cumulative use of telling detail; the danger is that it will devolve into a shopping list.

More crucially, however, it is hard to see what makes Earle's sample into a class. What unites them, for all their differences? "Expe-

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rience" is Earle's answer. But "experience", as E P Thompson showed in *The Making of the English Working Class*, is more than a matter of material circumstance; it depends for its meaning on values and beliefs. Here Earle is at his weakest. There is little on religion and attitudes towards the world; there is no attempt, in the manner of historians of the early modern Netherlands and France, to see material goods or business practices as part of a contemporary moral rather than material order. Yet it is probably as much in the realm of values and mentality as in their business practices that the London middle classes contributed to the development of British society.

Burt the bogeyman

THE BURT AFFAIR
Robert B Joynson
Routledge £25

Maryon Tysoe

Everyone knows the story of big bad Burt. Psychology's bogeyman, whose tale is guaranteed to terrify budding students out of a good night's sleep.

Sir Cyril Burt, who died in 1971, was regarded as one of Britain's most eminent psychologists. His researches—especially on twins—appeared to show that individual differences in intelligence are largely inherited, a finding with major social implications. Some "anomalies" in his data were noticed by American psychologists Leon Kamin and Arthur Jensen in the early 1970s. But it wasn't until the medical journalist Oliver Gillie cried "fraud" in the *Sunday Times* of 24 October 1976—quoting no less than three British academic psychologists—that the balloon went up. The psychological establishment reserved formal judgment until 1979, when a highly respected historian of British psychology, Professor Leslie Hearnshaw of Liverpool University, published his official biography of Burt.

Hearnshaw found Burt guilty of fraud in his historical claims concerning his own contributions to psychology, in his kinship studies and in his papers on scholastic standards in British schools. The council of the British Psychological Society endorsed these conclusions. The establishment's verdict was in.

Now Robert Joynson has stuck his head above the parapet, and mounted a most thorough and concerted attack on the evidence against Burt. "The gross misbehaviour of which he has been so widely accused has not, in my opinion, been established. A grave injustice has been done," Joynson writes in his preface.

We are then swept along through an extremely detailed and well-documented stream of detective work. Though the precise analyses required do make for a few tedious patches, on the whole it is pretty gripping stuff. Every time Joynson recounts a particularly damning charge, the reader wonders, how the hell is he going to talk Burt out of this one?

How, for instance, will Joynson explain away the remarkable fact that some of Burt's "kinship correlations" (correlations between children of different degrees of relatedness, reared together or apart) remained identical to three decimal places in successive reports even though the sample sizes changed? This does, in Jensen's words, "unduly strain the laws of chance".

Without any apparent loss of nerve, Joynson has fought back against every charge, large or small, and argues that "the evidence which has so far been presented is insufficient to support the accusations which have been made". This he does with, in my view, varying degrees of success. In some cases, the charges do appear to be unfounded. But to explain the "invariant correlations", for example, by saying that Burt copied them out of earlier papers without stating what he was doing because he "did not think" to do so, hardly demonstrates a high degree of probity. Indeed, it reveals a cavalier attitude to empirical data that would have an undergraduate surrounded by a hollow square of tutors and drummed off campus.

Joynson criticises the British Psychological Society for failing to hold an inquiry, and does not omit to mention that the president-elect and vice-president in 1976 happened to be two of Burt's chief accusers. Yet Joynson has, with a massive intellectual effort, probably pushed the ruling on Burt away from "indisputably guilty on all counts", and the question marks he has created deserve some response.

Whatever the final judgment of history, Joynson is to be congratulated for developing a sustained, carefully researched assault on a dominant consensus. This, after all, is what the progress of science and knowledge is about.

Conflict in Godzone

THE FIFTH WIND: NEW ZEALAND AND THE LEGACY OF A TURBULENT PAST
Robert Macdonald
Bloomsbury £16.95
WAITANGI: MAORI AND PAKEHA PERSPECTIVES OF THE TREATY OF WAITANGI
I H Kawharu (editor)
Oxford University Press £15

Peter Campbell

In 1856 a New Zealand official wrote of the country's native inhabitants: "Our plain duty as good compassionate colonists is to smooth down their dying pillow. Then history will have nothing to reproach us with." This piece of ineffable smugness was premature. The Maori population was then around 100,000; it had halved in a century and would halve again in the next 50 years, but this decline stopped and some estimates suggest a Maori majority by early next century. Maori culture and language have also proved tougher than administrators expected. Unfortunately, elements of the Maori demographic profile—higher crime rates, lower incomes, low uptake of higher education and low numbers in professional and administrative jobs—have been equally stubborn in resisting change.

This leaves those pakeha (white) generations which grew up in the 1950s and believed with a smugness almost equal to that of the 1850s that racism was rare in New Zealand, and would, anyway, disappear as intermarriage and education homogenised the Polynesian and European cultures, with a lot to think about.

Robert Macdonald emigrated to New Zealand as a child, when his father took up a veterinarian practice just after world war two. *The Fifth Wind*, his rethinking of these matters, is a thoughtful, liberal-minded book which allows a number of perspectives on the problem by mixing autobiography and an account of his participation in a protest march in 1983 with a history of Maori-pakeha relations. They began violently—land wars, like the tribal wars which preceded them, were fought with a mixture of chivalry and savage brutality. Later there were Maori attempts to find a way of sustaining tribal life in the face of the pressures of European culture. The liberal consensus was that these were diversions on the march towards the ultimate good of the prosperous individualistic state and that the future of the Maori race lay in amalgamation.

The heart of the matter is the land. The Maoris saw it as the body of the country, a place of holy mountains and ancient burial grounds, to be read in terms of tribal rights customs and religious myth and used as a sustainable resource. These same acres, however, were those Macdonald senior's cow-cocky clients had to clear and burn off before they could farm them. At the time the transition needed no justification. The benefits of modern agriculture over tribal land management were longer lives, more things, individual freedom, a wider world. The umbilical cord which tied you to the land was cut and, it was suggested, the claustrophobic constraints of tribal life which put the young at the mercy of the old, which prevented the development of the individual, and which stifled advance through education could be happily sloughed off.

Now some say that the constraints of tribal custom are preferable to whatever freedoms are available at the bottom of the social heap. Moreover, attempts to assert Maori rights to land and fisheries are beginning to stand up in the courts. These claims are based on the Treaty of Waitangi, signed (or marked) by chiefs at a gathering in the Bay of Islands in 1840, which set out the relationship between the colonising power and the Maori tribes.

It had, as I H Kawharu puts it in his introduction to *Waitangi* (a collection of "Maori and pakeha perspectives of the treaty") been "blown away into a judicial limbo for the better part of a century". One Chief Justice called it "a legal nullity". Now it is recognised through

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tribunals and legislation as the basis for claims going back as far as the time of signing. Macdonald's book ends with his account of the 1983 march to the Waitangi Day celebrations by a confederation of Maori groups protesting grievances. They were not united. Urban activists, traditionalists and a few pakeha radicals made uneasy allies, and in political terms the march was a failure: one lesson would seem to be that the complex relations of a tribal nation are hard to express through the machinery of democratic protest.

There is still as strong a desire among New Zealanders to believe the place peculiarly blessed—"God's own country" they used to call it. If it does avoid the increasing polarisation which has been the fate of other nations with unstable ethnic mixes it may be because fate plays into its hands. Ecological disaster just might trigger a rejection of the market place in favour of tribal values. Failing such an unlikely scenario the cultural conflict in New Zealand has no obvious resolution and a long future. If they solve this one they will truly be able to call the place Godzone.

Madwoman in the attic

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING: A PSYCHOLOGICAL PORTRAIT
Peter Dally
Macmillan £14.95

Janet Barron

"Opium—opium—night after night!" was how Elizabeth Barrett Browning somewhat proudly described her addiction. Peter Dally, a retired psychoanalyst, offers a sex-and-drugs approach to the poet of *Aurora Leigh*, presenting her as a politically radical writer whose themes of dungeons and dragons are metaphors for feminism and the slave trade. In the upstairs-downstairs world of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* one immediately longs to ask questions, and Dally is refreshingly anti-romantic in demolishing the myths. Robert Browning, we are told, "retreated like an alarmed prawn" when confronted by his wife's hysteria, while his efforts to rewrite *Sordello* were "a case of flogging a dead horse".

Dally employs this animated vein to entertaining effect, unmasking skeletons in the closet of the cruel Victorian patriarch with the flourish of a showman finding Oedipus everywhere. Robert Browning's father, a respectable clerk in the Bank of England, kept a library of sado-masochistic pornography; Barrett Browning's father preserved his dead wife's room as a mausoleum, and every servant who enters the house is doomed to a sticky end. One maid, "having secretly married the butler and become pregnant", is dismissed with the same tempestuous rage which greeted the marriage of all of the Barrett children, and for five years after Elizabeth's secret marriage in Marylebone Church the father kept her letters unopened, sealing them with black wax to signify that in his eyes she was dead.

The Gothic melodrama of these stranger-than-fiction stories rewards Dally's psychological sleuthing, though the weight of corroborative details sometimes overwhelms the impact of what is essentially a Freudian case history. Barrett Browning emerges as a madwoman in the attic who keeps the curtains drawn, the room stifling and the dust accumulating in heaps with house spiders big enough to terrify her lapdog. Dally liberates her from this neurasthenia with the arrival of the dashing dandy Browning, but the strength of this interpretation lies in the energetic pursuit of recurrent patterns, not in her poetry but in her personal relationships.

Far from taking her away to the sunshine her father had forbidden, Browning is presented here as effeminate and impotent to change his wife's fixed habits of a lifetime. She continued to spend most of their money on opium, dosing herself with such high levels that, when a chemist accidentally supplied her with an average-strength concoction, she suffered severe withdrawal symptoms. Several miscarriages were induced by the drug, and when their son was eventually born she could not bear to pick him up, convinced that she was "cursed with the blood of slaves" and would poison the fairy creature, neither boy nor girl, she wanted the baby to be.

This "psychological portrait" provides an intriguing insight into a writer whose feyness often makes her seem too ethereal for modern readers, and if at times the biography takes on a paternalistic slant one feels that the subject deserves it and her life could have been transformed by the amiable analysis of Peter Dally.

A bunch of primitive rebels?

FOR ANARCHISM: HISTORY, THEORY AND PRACTICE
David Goodway (editor)
Routledge £12.95 paperback/£30 hardback
ANARCHISM AND CULTURAL POLITICS IN FIN DE SIECLE FRANCE
Richard D Sonn
Nebraska University Press £26.95

Colin Ward

I used to be convinced that Marxist academic historians were authoritarian bullies who ensured that their students were warned off the history of anarchism unless they presented it as a crude precursor of the great dawn of scientific socialism, or as "millenarianism", preferably with the adjective "chiliastic", or as the ideology of a bunch of primitive rebels.

The breakthrough, as in so many other fields, came with the History Workshop movement and its jolly bazaars of radical scholarship which have for several years now welcomed the highways and byways of anarchist history.

David Goodway, convenor of the Anarchist Research Group, has brought together ten History Workshop papers that show what a useful bit of academic *perestroika* this has been. It has given Murray Bookchin a chance to explain the links he has studied between anarchism and new social movements like the ecological and municipalist scene in the United States, Geoffrey Ostergaard a chance to reinterpret the work of Gandhi's heirs in India, Vinoba Bhave and Jayaprakash Narayan, in an anarchist light, and the late Daniel Guerin to look beyond "the double bankruptcy of private and state capitalism" to a "libertarian and self-management communism".

It has also given a platform for straight historical research like Carl Levy on Italian anarchism and Nick Rider's account of the 1931 Barcelona rent strike, for theoretical disquisitions like Alan Carter's outline of an anarchist theory of history and Peter Marshall's study of anarchist concepts of human nature, as well as a really nice paper by Robert Graham on the notion of *contract* in anarchist ideology. There is also an account by Tom Cahill of the relationship between the new workers' cooperatives and anarchism and Michael Smith's intriguing exploration of Kropotkin's views on technical education in the light of current British debates.

Of course, any exploration of the place of anarchism in the history of ideas gives rise to hostility, not only from those with a different ideology to peddle, but also the editor suggests, from "those anarchists who react according to their gut feelings rather than their minds".

Uneasy alliances between the world of the mind and the imagination and that of gut feeling are the subject of Richard Sonn's long and detailed study of Paris in the 1890s. He even provides an anarchist map of Montmartre, using police records to show the location of anarchist cafes, cabarets, meeting places and newspapers, from the days when a series of bombings by isolated individuals put the regular anarchists on the spot. Should they applaud or condemn, or simply explain? It was a period when anarchism was positively fashionable among poets and painters. "Just as anarchist violence occurred simultaneously with the idealism of Kropotkin and Reclus, so in Montmartre the decadent and natural elements of anarchism coexisted, the pastoral village of sinuous cobblestone streets and the licentious night-life..."

In the background to the cultural politics of anarchism was the tactical problem of anarchist journalism. Jean Grave's paper, *La Révolte*, was thought to be staid and out-of-touch, Emile Pouget's *Le Père Peinard* was written in direct, concrete Parisian slang (to which the author devotes a chapter). Both editors learned from the period. Pouget became an advocate of anarcho-syndicalism in the trade union movement. Grave started *Les Temps Nouveaux* with all those cultural luminaries contributing. It's the endless propagandist dilemma. Which of them chose the right path?

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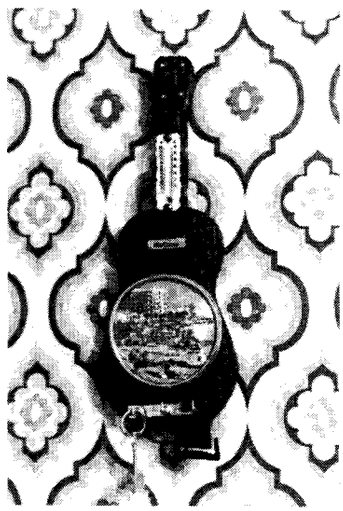
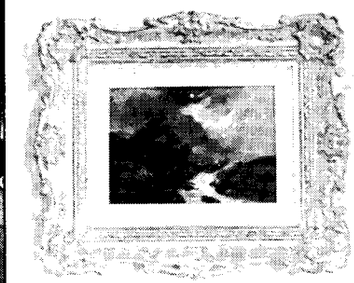


Mike Audland/Network



Fine art is usually seen as the province of the middle class, those with "taste", and traditional values. Those things the working class collect tend to combine art with functionalism, pictures on clocks or mirrors, and have sentimental value.

Classy art

What is good taste? Colin Painter reports on the art we hang on our walls

Pictures are not synonymous with art. While almost every household in Britain has pictures on its walls, not all of them by any means have the status of art. Some are considered to be in good taste, others definitely in bad taste.

The Great Picture Chase, currently being screened on BBC1, Sundays at 5.55pm) invited celebrities to purchase original works of art for BBC collection. Joan Collins, Margi Clarke, David Puttnam, Norman Rosenthal, the Marchioness of Duoro (future Duchess of Wellington) and Pat Nevin (Everton winger) were each given £500 to select a picture. By the end of the whole series, says the BBC, we will know what these people like and why.

The series attempts to reach a wide audience and break the mould of art broadcasting by concentrating on taste. In Britain, taste has a particular fascination. It situates each of us socially. But in using celebrities, the programmes present taste as being a matter for individuals. Taste is generated by groups—social classes, professions, religions. It binds groups internally whilst simultaneously distinguishing them from one other: it is both inclusive and exclusive.

Nowhere is taste more exposed than in the choice of pictures. This is partly because pictures have no excuse for being around other than to display taste, values, visions and views of the world.

But taste is also bound up with pictures because pictures are associated with *art*, as in *The Great Picture Chase*. In the programmes "art" is sometimes used neutrally to denote all kinds of pictures, but in other instances it is used to distinguish one picture from another. So some pictures are deemed to be art and others not.

To be able to define pictures as art, and to own them, is to be considered erudite, discriminating, perceptive; to have good taste. Indeed, it is to *have* taste. Not to appreciate art is to be considered the opposite of those things.

The British "art map" is usually thought of as bi-cultural: fine art on the one hand and an uncharted mass on the other. Fine art is usually identified with the taste of the dominant class and the rest — variously labelled "popular art" or "mass culture"—with the taste of the lower classes. But if art is supported by the middle class, why do most contemporary fine artists find it hard to sell their work? Why is contemporary fine art socially marginal?

The answer lies in the fact that the middle class identifies with "traditionalist art". Contemporary fine art—those pictures which the Tate Gallery and the Arts Council display as the contemporary art of Britain (recently modernism; now postmodernism?) is enjoyed by a very small group of middle class intellectuals, academics, and the members of the professional fine art community itself (artists, critics, gallery directors). This professional community carries

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forward, in a living form, the skills and knowledge of the professional culture of fine art. Through the art institutions, it defines contemporary fine art and art history.

The British middle class in general is hostile to what it perceives as outrageous modern art which offends commonsense. Twentieth century art has emphasised progress, has challenged conventional common sense and questioned accepted reality. In contrast, traditionalist art reinforces existing notions of reality and celebrates continuities. What they share is the professional tradition of fine art.

Working class culture tends not to identify with art at all. There is no developed literature or vocabulary which discusses and categorises the wide range of images that people hang on their walls. Such notions as "popular art" are the vague and inappropriate impositions of outsiders. If there is a popular *art* in Britain it hangs in middle class homes.

While most homes have many pictures, relatively few are images as isolated objects. They are often combined with clocks, mirrors, thermometers, letter racks. The art world distinction between functional and non-functional things has no currency, nor does its preoccupation with "truth to materials". Plastic is made to look like gold, wood or brass without apology. There is a celebration of "novelty", the "different" and the "unusual". Pictures are made from tree barks, plaster, glitter; they are circular, triangular, painted on glass or perspex.

But most significantly these pictures are rarely hung on the wall primarily for their intrinsic characteristics. Often they have been received as gifts. They are not a personal collection of art so much as objects with associations. They stand for the people who gave them, for the occasions on which they were given and received; day trips, holidays, birthdays and weddings. They stand for places, memories, associations, and relationships. Often the images contain texts which refer to interpersonal relationships—"Happiness is having someone to care for"—and are statements about affections and loyalties. Unlike objects of art, these pictures have no public significance beyond the household and its immediate relationships.

The collector, as Joan Collins says of herself, combines an interest in the intrinsic characteristics of pictures with the satisfaction that the purchase is valuable. The names of artists, dates, distinctions between originals and reproductions, are crucial to this.

However, the distribution of pictures cannot be explained by income levels. The availability of inexpensive reproductions of every *kind* of picture discounts this. The differences are rooted in varying tastes, priorities and ways of life.

The realistic landscapes and marine paintings often owned by middle-class people are reassuring. Things are as they have always been. Commonsense prevails in a world that is known and under control. Topographical prints of local castles and estates provide a sense of continuity; a sense of effectiveness beyond the home. Pictures of leisure activities—sailing, hunting, and angling—enclose the lives of their owners with the validating authority of "art".

There are few pictures of working-class life in working-class homes and they don't tend to emphasise a tangible realism. Visual reality is set to one side. Pictures of the countryside are generalised evocations of an ideal. Others are of imaginary people, more helpless than the viewer, tearful children, beggars and clowns. They maximise the potential of the viewer to act effectively with compassion. There is also humour. The child with the tear in his eye is not to be taken too seriously. His tears are for disappointments rather than grand tragedies. The problems are soluble.

These scenes are often dismissed as pure "escapism", but high culture embraces imaginary domains and the traditionalist pictures enjoyed by the middle class also evade 20th century realities. Furthermore, in their concern with people, and the use of text, the pictures enjoyed by the working class do not escape interpersonal values and obligations. These images engage with human and moral responsibilities.

Central to seeing pictures *as art* is their importance as *made* images. This can lead to the refusal of pictures to express a world external to themselves—which is largely responsible for the isolation of much contemporary fine art. But, more positively, it is a concern with the particular qualities of each made image and the shifts in meaning that accompany them. Clouds in a Constable painting are of interest both as patches of paint (human marks) *and* as clouds; different patches of paint will mean different kinds of clouds. Turner's clouds are different to Constable's. The particular ways in which pictures are made tell us different things about the world, and each other. The culture of fine art puts picture *making* at the centre.

The middle-class pleasure in traditionalist art emphasises this in its concern with the unique art object. Also the painterly mark poeticises commonsense. But if the view of the artist disturbs this poetic security, it becomes unacceptable. The potential to speak of the imagination and of a range of experiences is therefore limited.

The enjoyment of pictures in most working class homes attaches relatively little importance to the pictures as made images. Pictures point away to generalised concepts or ideals—"home"; "the house on the hill"; "the countryside"; "the sad clown". The characteristics of the particular pictures which point to these ideas are relatively unimportant, just as a crucifix retains its meaning regardless of the individual example.

Even if *The Great Picture Chase* doesn't talk in these terms, each programme does implicitly touch on the various ways in which and reasons why we value art. Joan Collins chose an 18th century drawing; Margi Clarke, a clutch of contemporary works and David Puttnam, a number of photographs.

This week Royal Academy supremo Norman Rosenthal, our man in art, takes the stage. It's not a bad series where the authorised valuation of art sits cheek to cheek with other—more plausible—ones.

An exhibition of the celebrities' choices is at the Royal Academy until 1 September.

Fashion

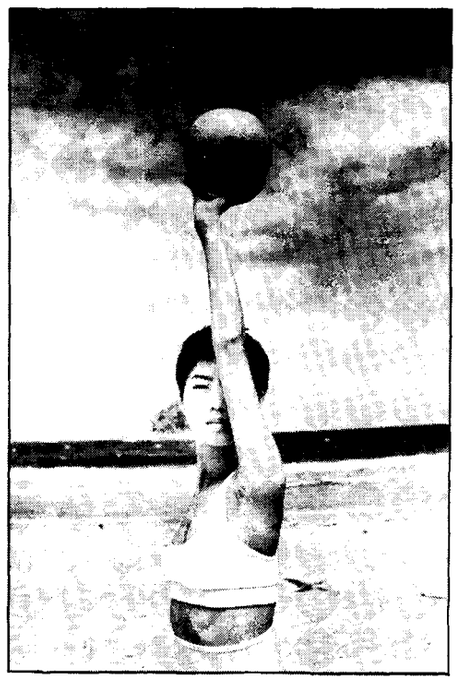
Not waving but drowning

The tan is out. Charlotte du Cann reports on how we're responding

The swimsuit is an icon of the age, the barely-there dress of aspirational liberty for an urban society. It is the twenties flapper splashing in the Deauville beach in a sailor suit bathing dress. It is Ursula Andress emerging from the tropical waves in a chamois bikini. It is the Californian swimming pool girl standing by a private swimming pool in a sleek high-cut lycra.

Since the sixties the philosophy behind swimwear has been the less the merrier. It was the sixties, era of rebellious liberation, that invented minimal swimwear: the bikini, the monokini and the thong. Foreign beaches became playgrounds where everyone wanted to go to get a tan and live the good life. It wasn't until the early eighties when the most important fashion statement was something in sweatshirt (I jog, I take class) that the bikini faded and was taken over by the exercise swimsuit. Pictures by Bruce Weber of the swimming and diving teams in the 1984 Olympics converted the erstwhile sunbathers to wearing racing suits of lime green. The high-thigh swimsuit was perfect for

The high-thigh swimsuit was perfect for the bodies that were streamlined and as finely tuned as a racing car. The decline of the bikini was further helped by the more relaxed attitude towards topless bathing.



The Independent

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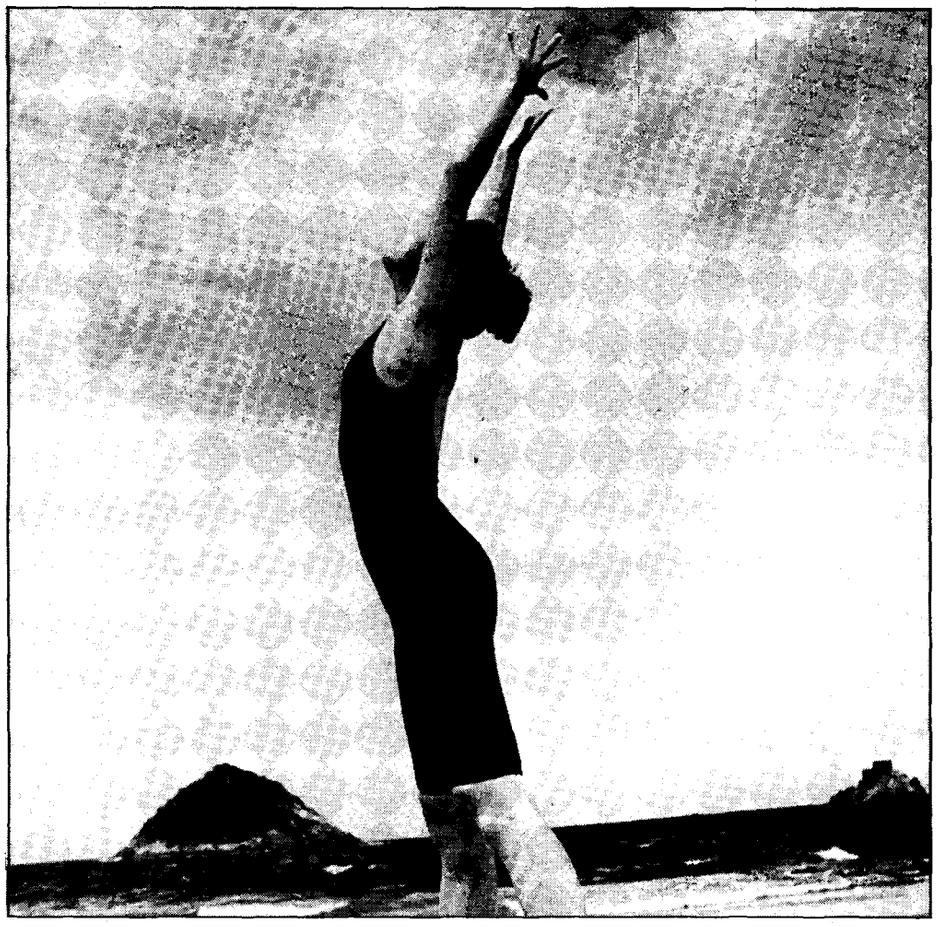

The Independent

Cinema

Is the emperor naked?

Suzanne Moore on insider trading between our dreams and ourselves

Not so long ago I was ticked off by a respected left-wing intellectual for being interested in adverts, for thinking that they might be worthwhile and important objects of study. She was, she said, saddened that while she had always looked to utopian novels for her inspiration, I should cling to advertising imagery for mine. Yet it strikes me that though most ads are better and more imaginatively written than these strangely lifeless tomes, they are actually very similar. They are almost the only ways we have of imagining the future—a future perfect that is endlessly deferred. Ads are about "micro utopias", individual futures, the attainment of which depends only upon the attainment of the product.

In these glorious days when lifestyle has replaced living, when the individual rules OK, when ads appear in art galleries and when a word isn't meaningful unless it is prefixed by self—self-referential, self-conscious, self-indulgent—it is severely retro to hark back to the fact that the purpose of advertising is really to *sell* us things. Like seeing an old photograph of yourself in some particularly naff seventies outfit, we would prefer to forget that there was a time when we wanted to *destroy* rather than merely *deconstruct* the advertising system.

As Gladys Knight says: "God, it was all so simple then—the way we were." The way we were involved a lot of talk about Big Brother, the all-consuming power of the media, and how advertising propped up the whole disgusting debacle with lies that made us want things that we shouldn't/didn't want and certainly ought not to have.

It's quite a shock then, to see these naive but passionate views brought to the screen with a vengeance in Bruce Robinson's new film **How to Get Ahead in Advertising**. Robinson's second film (which is quite as idiosyncratic as his first, *Withnail and I*) is little more than a loopy rant fuelled by genuine hatred for the whole advertising industry and held together by Richard E Grant's hyperactive performance.

The story itself is a surprisingly literal working through of a very simple idea—that advertising is a putrefying growth on the neck of humanity that gradually infects and contaminates the whole body politic. The boil in question appears on the neck of Dennis Bagley, a brilliant young advertising executive who is having problems working up a campaign for a new spot cream. The futility of the whole enterprise gets to him and instead of thinking up lines like "blitz those zits", he jacks in his job and decides to tell the

But if our swimwear has inclined us towards a glamorous escapism in the past, this year's designs indicate a very different direction.

The beach has featured everywhere this summer as everyone has turned green (or aqua) and is looking towards the sea for inspiration, from the cult film *Dig Blue* to the cult designers Bonnetti and Garouste Trapani—furniture that takes the form and colour of coral. The high streets and back gardens of Britain have been ablaze with fluorescent surf shorts that appear to mimic the easy lifestyle of *Neighbours*.

The summer fashion collections predicted this mood of happy seaside holiday. Catwalks in Paris, Milan and London all sported nostalgic witty beachwear: bathing dresses and playsuits, deck chair stripes and parasols that looked as if they had stepped out of photographs (by Lartigue and Hoynigen Huene) of the Riviera in the thirties.

To the outside eye, this embracing of the beach would seem to signal a desire for freedom and fun after a decade of stress and power politics, a romantic affinity with the sea, a deeper spirituality. Except that a closer examination does not bear this out.

The prime swimming costume of the late eighties is not the amusing garb of guilt-free hedonism but a swimsuit that we all once wore to school, the little black bathing costume. This puritan outfit emphasises health and hygiene, a plain modest outfit that does not draw attention to itself. Very green and very clean. In a culture that is slowly ridding itself of the status symbol of a tan, its obvious prime virtue is that it covers up the body that no longer wants to toast itself to a dangerous brown.

Meanwhile there is a darker side to this modern beach. Recent fashion pictures in both Italian and British *Vogue* have portrayed girls in tight bound swimsuits photographed by state-of-the-art photographer Herb Ritts, on a comfortless monochrome beach without a name. The unsmiling models are flung up against rocks, thrown into the sea, scrubbed by raw sand or made to shine with oil or, in some cases, gold paint. Their hands hold their heads in despair, tear their hair out and their faces grimace or are bound in scarves, or are cropped out of the picture. There is page after page of drenched half-clad girls by the sea. Never has there been so much flesh exposed and exploited.

This is not the swimwear of freedom and happiness but of the most terrifying bondage, and this sequence of pictures surely makes Ritts the Helmut Newton of the New Age.

The twin pictures of the androgynous, clean-living schoolgirl and the tortured sea-slave say more about out attitude towards sex—and indeed women—than anything else. These girls have no power, they look like victims or children. They pose no threat. If this is liberation, I cannot see it. Though the portrayal of the beach would seem to indicate a yearning for an escape from the materialistic eighties and a union with nature, what we wear to greet it contradicts that desire. These are the clothes of hypocrisy and repression. Insider Victorian values for the outdoor nineties.

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The Guardian

in Person

Edinburgh '89

A series of conversations and discussions chaired by Guardian journalists with prominent personalities from the international, film, book and fringe festivals

Tuesday, August 15, 1.00 pm
Royal Lyceum Theatre, Grindlay Street
Nicholas de Jongh talks to **Steven Berkoff** about his work, in particular his chilling and sensual production of Oscar Wilde's controversial play, Salome, showing in Edinburgh.
Tickets available at the door £2.50, £1.50 concessions

Friday, August 18, 1.30 pm
Royal Lyceum Theatre, Grindlay Street
Michael Billington talks to **Frank Dunlop**, Director of the Edinburgh Festival about his hopes and fears for 1989, and his plans and hot tips for 1990.
Tickets available at the door £1.50, £1.00 concessions

Sunday, August 20, 5.00 pm
Cinema 2, Film House, 88 Lothian Road
Derek Malcolm in conversation with **Percy Adlon**, director of the cult movie Bagdad Cafe and a juror at the Edinburgh film festival, about his new film, Rosalie Goes Shopping, which was a huge success at Cannes.
Tickets £1.00

Monday, August 28, 11.00 am
Main Theatre, Charlotte Square Gardens
'Marching in columns' : **Alan Rusbridger**, features editor of the Guardian, chairs a discussion of required writing by writers of regular columns; **the Rt Hon Roy Hattersley MP**, deputy leader of the Labour Party and a weekly columnist for the Guardian, **Ruth Wishart** of the Scotsman and **Angela Lambert** of the Independent.
Tickets £3.50, £1.50 concessions

Monday, August 28, 3.45 pm
The Ball Room, Assembly Rooms, George Street
Joyce McMillan talks to writer and director **John Godber**, whose work is widely acknowledged as recognising few social barriers, and his colleague, Hull Truck's administrator, **Barry Nettleton.**
In their ninth year at Edinburgh, Hull Truck Theatre dominate the fringe with seven very different productions.
Tickets £2.00, £1.00 concessions

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world how awful everything is. Meanwhile, the boil is turning into a head and a talking one at that—a monstrous alter-ego who grunts in ad-speak and who cares about no one but himself.

Grant cranked up to the hilt, with a cardboard box on his head arguing with the boil and whispering into a video camera about the "mechanics of the holocaust" is a sight worth seeing. But for a lot of the time *How to Get Ahead in Advertising* is not very good farce, with its satirical targets too wide-ranging to be smashed successfully. It sweeps you along with its adolescent energy yet doesn't know how to channel that energy effectively. But while ranting may sacrifice the finer points of any argument, it is powerfully carthartic and inspirational in its expression of deep hatred of what used to be referred to as "the system".

If you want a subtle critique of the advertising industry you are more likely to find it in all those highly sophisticated advertisements designed to be decoded by the media literate than in this film. And Robinson is quite clearly wrong about a lot of things. Ads may not be completely honest, decent and legal but they are not downright lies. If they were they could simply be replaced with good adverts that tell the truth, a fetishised commodity if ever there was one. The fact that they sell us images of ourselves as we would like to be and we buy them, that we supply the demands—to be more beautiful, more happy, more healthy, means that the whole process is both a lot more fragile and a lot more complex than Robinson allows for us. Ads involve the ultimate insider trading—between our dreams and ourselves.

So it is certainly not the case that these desires can be categorised into false and true needs by some puritanical polemicist. After all what's wrong with wanting? Isn't wanting things to be better the necessary spur of change? Instead Robinson offers us such profundities as "greed out of control" and "we are living in a shop", and veers from suggesting (reasonably) that capitalism is responsible for advertising to advertising is responsible for capitalism (unreasonably).

However, his desperate anger at the way things are is still appealing. The film, with its essentially British humour, is apparently going down well in the States. Yet, perhaps I have seen too many adverts because I want it *all*. I don't want to be forced to choose between the undeniable intensity of the political impulse that rants and raves and screams "no" at the top of its voice and the more fashionable attitude that says "see advertising as a supremely crafted fiction that can tell us more about the orchestration of desire than any political pamphlet". I don't want to have to choose between advertising as the Old Lie of the Old World or the New Truth of New Times.

While Robinson is yelling that the emperor is naked, many of us are busily discussing the witty design not only of the emperor's clothes but of our own.

For if the emperor is naked, then so are we. Whether these clothes are visible or invisible is somehow irrelevant. They are still what we use to get dressed up in. And their function as decoration is every bit as important as keeping us warm.

Richard Grant as brilliant Dennis Bagley: a sight worth seeing

Interview

Risky business

Cynthia Rose talks to Daniel Day Lewis

Three weeks ago, when Laurence Olivier died, our TV screens were filled with his hauntingly persuasive voice. You have to take chances, it warned: you have to be laughed at, be hurt, lose big. Yet stay fresh, open and curious—that's how you measure up to your art.

For all the obeisance surrounding his death, Olivier's advice is dismissed out of hand today. Our film and theatre find their emotions not in real experience but in theory, soap opera and formulae. Few people take risks to illuminate truth—risks have become what one takes to the bank. And, terrified of losing their status, few critics even cite art's loss of a human face. Which is what makes actors like Daniel Day Lewis valuable. The son of Poet Laureate C Day Lewis and grandson of Ealing Studios head Sir Michael Balcon, he's a young performer of rare instincts. And his work has always aimed to assert the heart of populist art: the universal, inarticulate longing for something *more*.

In the era of careers and celebrities, this does not come easily. Day Lewis's last two films (*The Unbearable Lightness of Being* and the comedy *Stars & Bars*) saw him miscast, then badly directed. And his first *Hamlet*, which closed last week at the National Theatre, stranded his refractory, reticent Prince in a yuppie Elsinore. But, in Noel Pearson's **My Left Foot**, Day Lewis shows how every misfortune has helped him mature. His portrait of paralysed Irish novelist Christy Brown is rivetting in its explosive panache.

In *Hamlet*, Day Lewis tried for a modern portrait—a man as appalled by the speech of his day as he was impelled by unruly emotion. But as Christy Brown, he shows us the obverse: a brave, concise intelligence whose prison is the flesh. (To understand Christy's cerebral palsy, the actor spent months in a Dublin Clinic and long filming days in Brown's wheelchair.)

Today he is sprawled on a hotel balcony, talking about his last two roles. For him, Day Lewis maintains, it's basic: all to do with a question of *giving*. "One of the things I'm most intrigued by is inarticulacy. And I don't mean the ability to put words together. Throughout his life, Christy Brown's struggle—as it is for most of us—was to express himself. And *that* is the thing I'm nearly always attracted to in a part: the difficulties, the personal problems people have in giving of themselves. Whether it's in words, in painting or in passion."

Flip through the roster of Day Lewis roles—Johnny in *My Beautiful Launderette*, priggish Cecil in *Room With A View*, *The Futurists'* hyper-romantic Mayakovsky, *Unbearable Lightness*'s passive-aggressive Tomas, *Stars &*

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Imprisoned by the flesh: Daniel Day Lewis plays a brave, intelligent Christy Brown

Bars's stumblebum art dealer—and such a thread does seem evident. It even leads, he claims, to *Hamlet*.

"See, someone said to me about Hamlet, 'he's really a silent man'. And the moment I heard that I knew it was true." The actor lifts a quizzical eyebrow. "That's the great paradox about Hamlet. He never stops talking but he can't express himself. He's actually finding his way through thoughts that are almost too frightening to contemplate. Attempting to vocalise them, then ... sort of shying away and moving on."

"Shying away and moving on" pretty much sums up Day Lewis's attitude to his own profession. Celebrity, opportunity, fame—though he won't deny they have intrigued him, this actor's distrust of their totality seems profound. "To a large extent," he claims, "they've deprived us of the right to be disastrous." And, even more crucially, "they've helped fatigue our imaginations".

Day Lewis is convinced about the source of Britain's creative fatigue. "The British are stifled with shame at this particular moment in time. Because we're rather aimlessly waiting for this very dramatic change in society we know will have to take place. It's like the whole nation is waiting at a bus stop for a bus that long ago went out of production."

"At the same time," he says, "the bus is *going* to come. But it may be disguised as a juggernaut. We're not taking control of our destiny. But there is a destiny for this country which is coming whether we like it or not. One only hopes it will be regenerative."

Every time he returns from location abroad, says the actor, "I'm shocked at the total depression I sense. I have a really tangible sense of this country's seclusion and that psychology has profoundly diminished opportunities in art."

There's rarely the sense that an audience come to offer up something of themselves

Scratching at the curls of Hamlet's disco haircut, Day Lewis admits he rarely goes to the theatre now. "Because I can't live with the disappointment. Yesterday, you know, we came back from Dubrovnik with *Hamlet*. And there we had a real sense of the gift that was given to us by the audience—the *gift* of their silence. That silence is given to you to weave your thoughts and your feelings and words into. It has a tremendous depth—and it carries with it all sorts of possibilities.

"Here," he says, "there's rarely the sense that an audience come to offer up something of themselves. Our ideas have been too turned towards the paying of money and the buying of goods."

Perceived around the world as quintessentially British—accomplished, urbane, "civilised"—Day Lewis says he has always loathed the clubiness of much British acting. "I have a certain heritage of which I'm extremely proud. But I've always found it very uncomfortable to be part of a club. One of the first, unthought out reasons why I was propelled towards acting was because it seemed to have this air of lawlessness about it. And, of course," he smiles, "it's as governed by laws as anything else.

"So it's the process itself—the *thing*, the actual moment—I keep coming back to. But, more and more, that thing itself is heavily disguised. It's wrapped in all this bullshit and I really can't live with that. I can't stand all those fucking fat people who smile and shake your hand just because you're worth a few bob."

It may be a cliché to say that actors batten on the habits of others' lives to help them flee their own. But Day Lewis still seems most secure with parts that exude a visceral "character"—rather then leading men whose impact revolves round sexual or intellectual energy. Is it choice, or coincidence?

"I do respond to roles in a very personal way," he says. "When I read Christy's script,

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for instance, I felt a kind of immediate understanding of the man. I knew his disability would make technical demands, and I wasn't sure if I was the right person to take those on. But I didn't ever look at Christy as a "character" which I might somehow manipulate myself into becoming. I simply knew I understood him—and everything else followed on."

"I don't differentiate," he adds, "between 'character' roles and any others. But I know what I'm impelled towards. Those things may appear to have little in common—and often little in common with me personally. But... If you create for yourself the illusion of successfully travelling some distance from your own life, perhaps you're in a position to more unconsciously *give* of yourself without feeling threatened by that. And giving is what it's all about."

One in every 1000 people is affected by Christy Brown's disease, cerebral palsy. You can help Guy's Hospital fund a Gait Laboratory for treatment of the disease by contributing to the "One Small Step" appeal which will be launched on 17 August. Tel: 01-252 0294 for details.

Beverley Levy

Music

Post mod cons

Andrew Goodwin on the new price tag "postmodern"

Something was clearly up when *The Face* ran a two-page feature on the guru of postmodernism (pomo-theory), Jean Baudrillard; but surely no one expected *Rolling Stone* to follow up by listing him as this summer's "hot philosopher"? Meanwhile, MTV (a fave topic for pomo researchers) has a show titled *Postmodern Rock Album*.

But in the field of pop music, at least, the term postmodernism is notoriously slippery. Some writers seem to take it to mean any convergence of high art and pop culture. Hence rock is routinely invoked, since it is a mass cultural form that has aspired to art (and pillaged from it) from the mid-sixties onwards. Viewed from this perspective, postmodern rock must have started in 1967 with *Sgt Pepper*—or maybe even with *Rubber Soul*, in 1965.

But there are two problems with this usage. First, it encompasses so much pop music (almost everything under the rubric of "rock" is postmodern by these standards) that it is useless. It begins to seem that maybe pomo is a displaced description of rock'n'roll which has invaded TV, art, and other areas of culture. This problem is exacerbated if you include the current fascination with indigenous musical styles from all over the world, for example, as symptomatic of the postmodern pattern of consumption because rock'n'roll is inherently an Afro-European fusion.

Second, it's clear that the incorporation of the high art of modernism into rock hasn't done away with hierarchies of taste. The doyens of "postmodern rock" (Talking Heads, for instance) are consumed (at least by some people) as art-rock, just like The Beatles, the progressive rockers and the art wing of punk before them. Indeed, by a marvellous irony, the new category of "postmodern rock" (more or less synonymous with "new wave" or "modern rock") itself identifies music that once we might have thought of as art music for college kids.

More sophisticated arguments consider pop's use of its past, and employ "pastiche". Pastiche, in Fredric Jameson's famous phrase, is "blank parody". That is, the referencing of other texts without either celebrating or denigrating the object of theft. Recent trends in hip-hop and rap exemplify these techniques, in which sampling music computers are used to snatch sounds and riffs from other records and then manipulate and re-use them in new ones —a trend vividly illustrated in the M/A/R/R/S hit *Pump Up The Volume*, which was made up of about 30 *other* records.

This postmodern plunder has developed not only in hip-hop, but in many other areas of contemporary pop. Consider three rock icons in the light of postmodernity: Robert Plant, James Brown and David Bowie. Plant, the voice of seventies rockers Led Zeppelin, spent most of the eighties listening to records that stole guitar and drums sounds from Led Zep (the Beastie Boys were the most infamous thieves). In 1987 he made an album titled *Now and Zen* in which he stole from his own past, by sampling from his *own* records.

Shortly afterwards James Brown made an LP (*I'm Real*) with contemporary hip-hop act Full Force, in which he sang over rhythm tracks which pillaged his old records. Finally, take the new David Bowie LP *Tin Machine*, featuring the band of the same name. It sounds just like his 1970 LP *The Man Who Sold The World*. In a desperate act of self-plunder Bowie has returned to the guitar-centred style of his back catalogue and made a seventies record.

What is odd about all this is not the fact of repetition, but the ease with which old sounds and styles are now made contemporary. Pop in the eighties has been about stasis, the collapse of ideas of musical progress, the gradual erosion of generic boundaries.

Undoubtedly these trends demand that we pay some attention to postmodern ideas. But to see all of this as a postmodern example of the past collapsing into the present, a denial of history, and the end of meta-narratives is too simple. None of the examples cited is truly "pastiche", since they are not *blank*. Robert Plant used Led Zep's sounds to announce his own reconciliation with his past. In concert, he began performing Led Zep songs again—in short, he celebrated his past. As did James Brown on *I'm Real*. In both cases there is clearly an effort to historicise pop's past and put today's listeners in touch with rock's roots. This isn't pastiche, it is homage.

And as for Bowie, what is interesting about the album *Tin Machine* is not just his hard rock revival, but the intent to ram some very old-fashioned political statements down our throats. Like Lou Reed on his recent LP *New York*, David Bowie has decided to come back down to earth in order to set it to rights—he even covers John Lennon's *Working Class Hero*. Like other acts who use postmodernist techniques such as theft and generic confusion (Big Audio Dynamite, for instance), the political intent is a far cry from the superficial anti-humanist celebration of surface and inauthenticity identified by the postmods. It is, rather, left-leaning liberalism that is on display here.

Three years ago Sigue Sigue Sputnik were being touted as the quintessentially postmodern group. Their use of pastiche and repetition, their upfront and on-the-surface commercialism and even their iconography (which seemed to recall postmod movies like *Blade Runner*) was all grist to the mill for pomo critics. These days Sputnik just want to be sold as a boring old rock group. Their new LP *Dress For Excess* displays the proud slogan "This Time it's Music"! and they've spent the last months whining to the rock press that no one takes them seriously as "real" musicians. Ironically, now that postmodernism is a sales category, the Sputniks would probably do better to write a song about Baudrillard.

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VOLUNTEER Receptionists needed for project that works with young people (16 - 25) in South Islington. We offer a diverse service, including leisure, training, housing advice and counselling. The role of the Receptionist is very important:- it includes welcoming young people, answering the phone and generally being available to chat with people. The project opens during the week from 10 am to 10 pm. Training and support will be given. More information please contact Brenda Lewis at Kings Corner project, 92 Central Street, London EC1 8AJ, 253 6776.

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PEOPLE'S PLACE, a black-led Christian Voluntary Organisation in Hackney aims to provide a befriending & counselling service to prisoners, ex-offenders aged 17-25 and their dependants. Volunteers are needed to assist us working in and out of prisons. We would like to hear form anyone interested in working with young people. For further information, tel. or write to Claudette Brown, The People's Place, 13-21 Hoxton Street, London N1 6NL. Phone: 01 729 5050.

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Application forms and Job Descriptions are available from the Personnel Officer, Catholic Social Services, 150 Brownlow Hill, Liverpool L3 5RF, to whom completed forms should be returned by Friday, September 1, 1989.

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Closing date 1st September 1989.

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Imaginative, diplomatic, mature individual required to manage team of 16 engaged in HIV-related projects including health promotion, outreach and prevention, training, counselling and support, and non-clinical research. Post holder will co-ordinate this work with those of District staff providing clinical (acute) care, community care and infection control, and take a proactive role in development of programmes, services and research to meet changing requirements. He/She will liaise extensively with senior officers and management in the District, in four other Birmingham District Health Authorities, the West Midlands Regional Health Authority and Birmingham Local Authority as well as representatives of voluntary organisations to assure co-operation, to develop policies/procedures, and to ensure appropriate funding of both existing programmes and anticipated services.

Management experience in a large organisation (NHS/Local Authority preferred) and strong communication, negotiation, liaison and interpersonal skills are required. A good working knowledge of HIV-related issues and experience working with both statutory and voluntary bodies would be distinct advantages. Some background in research would be helpful.

3-year contract initially.

Informal enquiries to: Dr R K Griffiths, Director of Public Health (021-472-2294, x3750). Job description and application from: Mrs J. Bramma, Senior Personnel Officer, (021-472-2294, x3702).

Closing Date: 8 September 1989

The Authority is Committed to Equal Opportunities in Employment.

WARWICKSHIRE
THE OLD SCHOOL,
CHURCH END, ANSLEY
NUNEATON, CV10 0QR.

Principal Child Care Officer (required September)

Salary Scale 5 £10,407 – £12,333.

Applications are invited from experienced and enthusiastic professionals who wish to make a significant contribution, to the work of a committed and caring staff team at the above, small, rural, independent school for young people with severe emotional and behavioural difficulties.

Opened as a day school in September 1987, The Old School is offering a residential facility from September 1989.

The successful applicant will hold a key role in the development of this project.

Please contact Georgina Fudge, Head Teacher, for further details. Tel: 0203 397625.

Closing date for applications: 18th August 1989.

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Further details can be obtained by writing to:
The Deputy Director, IDAF, Cannon Collins House. 64 Essex Road, London N1 8LR.

Please note that applications, by letter with CV, must be in by 21 August 1989.

Please note that there are no application forms.

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Directorate of Amenity Services

CHILDREN'S PLAY

Principal Officer

£18,366-£19,662 pa inc

Ref: A43

Lambeth is an inner city borough with a multi racial population and all of the problems associated with deprivation and poverty. Applicants for this post must display a sound understanding of Lambeth's social background and, in particular, an awareness of the disadvantaged black, female and disabled groups, coupled with an understanding of the need for active equal opportunity and anti-racist policies in the provision of effective services.

We are seeking to appoint a Principal Officer (Children's Play), to head a dynamic and innovative inner-city play service, responsible for 15 all year round One O'Clock Clubs, and 10 permanent Adventure Playgrounds, as well as co-ordinating and administering grant aid to a wide range of voluntary play schemes.

The successful candidate will have sound and proven senior management experience in a play or leisure related field, knowledge and experience of a multi-racial inner city environment and experience of a unionised workforce.

Commitment to and understanding of children's play services, both voluntary and statutory, and to the effective implementation of equal opportunity and anti-racist strategies in the play service are essential.

Given the make-up of our workforce and the under-representation of black people and women at this level and sphere of management, applications from these disadvantaged groups are welcomed positively. This post is covered by Section 38 of the Race Relations Act 1976 and Section 48 of the Sex Discrimination Act 1975.

This post is open to job share.

Application forms are obtainable from the Personnel Officer, Directorate of Amenity Services, London Borough of Lambeth, 164 Clapham Park Road, London SW4. Tel: 01-622 6655 ext: 320.

Closing date: 25th August 1989.

As part of the Council's equal opportunity employment policy applications are invited from people regardless of race, creed, nationality, disability, age, sex or responsibility for children or dependants and from lesbians and gay men.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN
Department of Psychology

LECTURER

Applications are invited for a new post of Lecturer in Psychology. The post is open to candidates with active research interests in any area of psychology, but preference will be given to those working on applications of psychology. At present the Department has collaborative, grant aided research links with the Departments of Bio-Medical Physics and Bio-Engineering, Computing Science, Mathematical Sciences, Mental Health, and the National Hyperbaric Centre.

Informal enquiries may be made to the Head of Department, Professor Jan Deregowski DSc, FBPSS (tel 0224 272229). Salary within the range £10,458 - £20,469, with the appropriate placing.

Further particulars and application forms from the Personnel Office, The University, Regent Walk, Aberdeen AB9 1FX (tel 0224 273500) to whom applications (2 copies) should be returned by 1 September 1989 quoting reference number ES/003.

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

INQUEST

an organisation concerned with coroners' courts and deaths in custody, needs a

Part-Time Worker

(17.5 hours)

for 6 months from October. Legal, counselling or campaigning experience an advantage.
Salary £12,343 p.a. pro rata.

For details contact INQUEST, Alexandra National House, 330, Seven Sisters Road, London N4 2P7. Telephone 01-802 7430.

Closing date 30th August 1989.

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You will assist in our busy Education Welfare Benefits Team, within our Finance and Resources Division. The team administers schemes for Education Welfare Benefits, mainly for people on low incomes, in this socially and culturally diverse East London Borough. This post focuses on the provision of travel passes.

You should have practical experience of organising work in an office or similar environment. You will need to speak and write clearly, as well as do basic calculations. An ability to record and communicate information accurately is essential. You will be prepared to work with maps and with a personal computer. Training will be provided for both of these elements of the job. This post is mainly office based.

A secondary aspect of the post involves getting your message across to those in need in the community. This will include preparing publicity material, assessing needs and explaining the benefits scheme to many different groups and individuals. The work of the team is essential to the Council's Anti-Poverty Strategy.

It is intended that interviews will take place in mid-September 1989.

Closing date: 25.8.89. Ref: G3110

Application form and further details available from Recruitment Officer, Education Personnel Unit, Municipal Offices, High Road, London E10 5QJ. Tel: 01-558 3553 (24 hour answering service).

This post is available for job share.

Waltham Forest is a multi-racial area and we are anxious to ensure that this is reflected in our workforce. All applications for jobs are considered on merit, with equal opportunities for women, black and ethnic minorities, lesbians and gay men and people with disabilities.

THE LONDON BOROUGH OF
Waltham Forest

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SALARY: circa 16K

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Goldsmiths' is a medium-sized Union with some 3,000 students and 30 staff and will be looking specifically to develop our trading outlets. The Manager will be working closely with student representatives and will be expected to lead research into and development of new areas.

An application form and further details of the post may be obtained from David Anteh, G.C.S.U., Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14 6NW (01-692 1406), to whom completed forms should be returned by Wednesday, September 6. Interviews will begin week commencing Monday, September 11.

Potential applicants who wish to discuss the nature of the post in some detail before applying are invited to phone the President, Finbarr Roche-Kelly, on 01-692 1406.

G.C.S.U. is striving to be an Equal Opportunities Employer

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(POLICY, RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT)

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This is a role for a high calibre individual with sound analytical and management skills, experienced in policy formulation, with the ability to influence people at senior levels within Government and industry. As important, however, is a positive understanding of and commitment to race equality and positive action, and a grasp of the impact that these issues will have on the development of social policy in the future.

For an information pack contact The Personnel Unit, Fullemploy Group Limited, 102 Park Village East, London NW1 3SP. Tel: 01-387 1222 ext. 232. Please quote reference 89/69. Closing date 28 August 1989, first interviews planned for early/mid September.

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BRENT ADVOCACY CONSORTIUM
CO-ORDINATOR
£13,519 — 35 hour week

Are you able to co-ordinate and manage the work of this new organisation? You will need to be able to organise training and support for Volunteers who wish either to be their own self-advocates or act as advocates for other people with disabilities.
Experience of working on voluntary organisations useful.
Knowledge of disability issues essential.
Ability to work independently.
You will be based in a fully accessible building. People with disabilities and/or experience of ethnic groups are particularly welcome.
Contact Sylvia Wiseman on 01-451 3822 for information and application forms. Letters to the Brent Association for Disabled People, 154 Harlesden Road, Willesden, NW10 3RX. Closing date 1st September 1989.

Property File

For Sale

TUNBRIDGE WELLS - for sale, large, oddly-shaped, brambly, sloping plot of land with vehicular access rights, set behind victorian mansion with rebarbative inmates. Planning permission twice refused, but you never know. Suitable for maintaining as ecological wilderness, bee-keeping, adventure playground, landscaping, yuppie-watching or nuisance-making. Consider letting. Offers, please, to Box (32) 647.

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Wed 16 August

'Social Ownership'
Oonagh McDonald
7.30 pm, Cole Room,
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Fabian Society
All welcome

OV SELECTION
have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.
Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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SCARCE BOOK SERVICE. List wants. 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street, London, SW13 9LR.

Employment Wanted

WOMAN, 54, N. Essex, seeks position (preferably p/t) where flair and organising abilities can be used. Enjoys driving. Background:- Nurse management, Election Agent, Councillor. Phone 0206 766272.

Counselling

ANALYTIC COUNSELLOR, therapist, offers help with inner and contextual conflicts. Fees according to means. People have replied to this advertisement who have found that they are depressed at this time of year, and I think it would be useful to form a group to examine and resolve this. Any one else with these feelings, wishing to join, do call. 01-372 5101 (Central London) anytime.

Heartsearch

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (40) 6ft 2 inch, warm, sociable and intelligent, in arid possibly terminal marriage seeks long-term caring relationship with interesting, intelligent woman (35-45) London area. Box (29) 601

ELEGANT, ERUDITE, AFFLUENT, passionate man, mid-forties, brown/greying hair, would love to meet lady for pleasurable daytime activities - initially for lunches, afternoons, mornings. You must be under 40, witty, stylish, sensual, petite/ slender (I am a slim 5'10"). Ideally London. Photo please. Box (31) 630.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs, firm lasting relationships including marriage. All ages areas, free details: Dept 828, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Telephone: (01) 938 1011.

SEEKING INTUITIVE, EMPATHIC young woman (23 - 35) open to experience, affectionate, considerate, independent, physically aware, sensual, imaginative, for mutually fulfilling, exciting close friendship and sexual relationship (maybe more?) with John (very young 40s), London. Photo please. Write Box (30) 611.

MALE, VERY YOUNG 50'S — bilingual French/ English - professional, non political, humanist, non smoker, chief interests theatre, language, literature, music, some sport, needs to meet female, intelligent, slim, unattached, with sense of humour - East Midlands / Cambs - any age under about 50. Write Box (30) 618.

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The thinking person's introduction agency
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Guardian 28.6.89.
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WANTED: Male friends for platonic relationship. If you want the pleasures of female company without all the entanglements of a heterosexual relationship, take the plunge and answer this ad. Please write to Box (31) 637.

WARM AFFECTIONATE MAN (very young 40s) seeks similar women (23-35), for lots of touching, imaginative eroticism, and good, close friendship, maybe more? Non-smoker. Photo? John (London) Box (29) 556

PETITE LADY, 49, non-smoker, West London, seeks male companion who likes the Arts generally, Sunday papers, good food, country walks, cycling, travels. Write to Box (32) 639.

N.W. LONDON MAN, 37. Professional, affectionate, endearingly eccentric. Politically Left / Green. Enjoys sharing work, conversation, films, Arts, radio, travel and massage with friends. Seeks feminist, thirties, for warm, committed, equal relationship. Please write to Box (32) 640.

MIDLANDS MAN, interested in poetry, traditional jazz, green politics, bloody but only slightly bowed after 40- plus years on deteriorating planet, would like to meet beautiful woman in mid - 20's who likes older wimps. May settle for less if she has a sense of humour. Please write to Box (32) 641.

MATURE LONDON EXWIFE, retired, caring, auburn, charismatic, wide interests, middlebrow, overweight, seeks male 65-75 for companionship/ ...- photo returned- Replies to Box (32) 642.

EXCEPTIONAL, EVEN UNIQUE, woman/comrade/ lover wanted, to accompany unusual but together 40's male on African odyssy. Suit ageless sunworshipping leftist or similar. Photo helpful. Write to Box (32) 643.

PERSONABLE GRADUATE WOMAN, 40, Kent-based, London connections, divorced, serendipitous, tolerant, valuing emotion, zest, integrity above externals, seeks relationship with 6' + mature man. Reply to Box (32) 644.

CHIC, ELEGANT LADY, forty-something, oriental, buddhist, super cook, educated, articulate, moving Cambridge seeks casually elegant circle there, 38-52 years. Please write Box (32) 645.

OPTIMIST? TALL, LEAN GRADUATE, young 51, eclectic interests, affectionate, enterprising, creative, hopes to share wavelengths, London pursuits, rural delights, arts, veggy cooking and loving partnership with a warm, witty, Green, equally optimistic female. Write (32) 646.

WARM, WITTY, PRETTY WOMAN will smooth your brow and crumple your sheets in exchange for a place to rest her head. (London). Phone, photo. Replies to Box (31) 632.

TALL, SLIM MAN, 43, living North London, enjoys swimming, Jazz, France, photography, cinema, running, senses of humour. Seeks Socialist woman in her thirties who wishes to share some or all of these interests and her own in friendship or possibly, in time, in a closer relationship. Preferably non-smoker, please. Please write to Box (32) 648.

WRITER, wheelchair user, 33, needs helper/ friend on week's break driving around Scottish Highlands from Aviemore cottage, September 15 - 23. Must be thoughtful, quiet, attractive, female, aged 18 - 30, and West/South Yorkshire based. Please reply to Box (32) 649.

ARE YOU A WOMAN living in London who would like a loving relationship with a man with green/ socialist views who is in his late 30's? Does it help to know I like talking, laughing, cycling and music, but dislike pubs, snobs, suits. Then I'd love to hear from you. Box (29) 557.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3089 Set by Tiny Tim
In his youth, Karl Marx wrote a comic novel. What was it like? Alternatively, provide examples of barely plausible juvenilia by Darwin, Einstein, Freud or Wittgenstein. 200 words maximum, to be in by 24 August.

No 3086 Set by Russell Lucas
Verses that could credibly precede Genesis.

Report by Tiny Tim
We only had one letter of protest from a Christian and none from Jews—eloquent testimony to the national moral decay. Next time we'll get you to parody the Koran and see where that gets us.

Mr Lucas stipulated credibility, but credibility was what most of your entries lacked. Ask yourselves how much of the Bible is in rhyming couplets, for example—a form for which quite a few of you plumped. Pascoe Polglaze reckoned that a set of double dactyls might do the trick, but, fond as I am of the form, it just doesn't have that Old Testament *ring*. Nor do words like "kiddo", "gibberish", or "kybosh". Yes, Simon Herbertson, I'm talking about you. However, I waived the credibility rule for P A Fields. £8 per winning entry (so £16 to Noel Petty for two outstanding contributions).

And the armies of the kings of the whole world assembled them for battle at the place which is called Armageddon.

And there were flashes of lightning, peals of thunder, and a great earthquake such as had never been seen since men were on the earth, so great was the earthquake.

And a great cloud rose into the sky, and the sun was banished therefrom. And there was silence upon the face of the deep.

And God saw that it was bad, and cried out in a loud voice, "Oh My Prime Mover! Back to the tablets!"

And God laboured seven days over the tablets and said, "Shall I try it without the free will?" But answer came there none, for verily He was on His own.

And on the eighth day He rose up and said, "Once more, then, but this shall be the last time."

In the beginning...

Noel Petty

In the *very* beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

And God said, "Let the earth bring forth living creatures according to their kinds: cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth." And it was so.

And there went up a great cry from the cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth. And God knew not what ailed them, for there was not yet any light.

So God said, "Let there be light"; and there was light. And by the light that shone God saw that it was not good.

For the cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth were drowning in the waters of the deep; for there was not yet any dry land.

And God decreed that the creation should be aborted, for He desired to take it once again from the top.

In the beginning...

Noel Petty

- 10 Whilst waiting for the beginning, God created Nothing.

-9 And He looked upon Nothing, and saw that it *was* Nothing, and that it was Nowhere, and that it was *utterly* devoid, yea, even of emptiness.

-8 And He waxed exceeding wroth, crying This is Not; it hath no Being.

-7 Likewise cried He, It is an absence, not a presence, which *is* an abstraction; it is unfit for aught but metaphysical speculation.

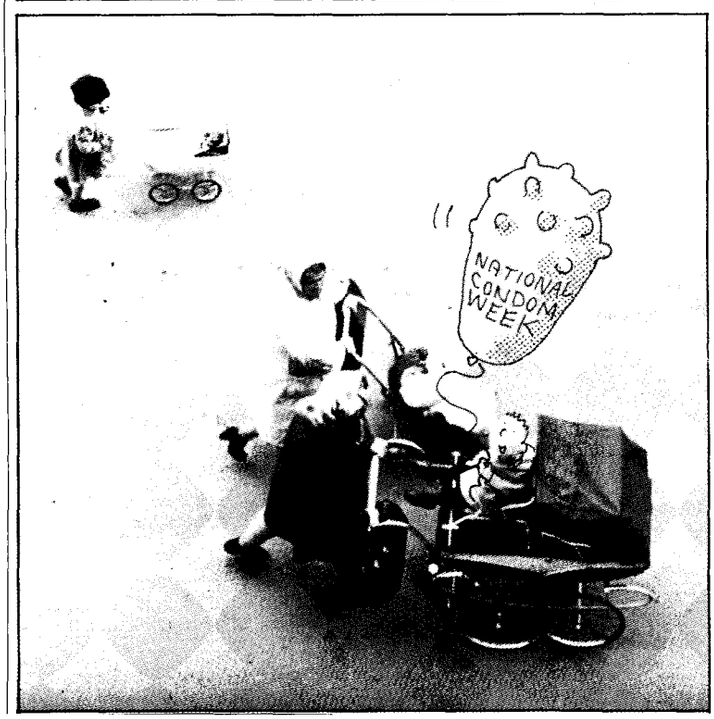
-6 And what was Not continued to be Not.

-5 Whereat the LORD cried, *Wherefore* is this Not? Is it not that I AM?

-4 And God saw *that* He was Not either; and therefore created He then Himself.

-3 Yet was *there* Nothing, for *of* Nothing was the LORD created; and out

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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of Nothing came he.

-2 And God cried, Yet is this Something and Nothing, and this *mindeth* me that I may begin.

-1 For there *is* no end to a beginning, yet must there be a beginning to a beginning.

0 And thereafter, just before the beginning, created He T S Eliot and Samuel Beckett.

Will Bellenger

Now Moses was an old man, and the Children of Israel wearied him day and night with their questions.

Saying How was the earth made and how came man to be?

And Moses cried aloud unto the Lord, and beseeched him for the secrets of these things but the Lord answered saying: That is not for thee to know.

Go thou rather to the Hittites and the Hivites and the Hurrites and the Jebusites, and take what thou pleasest from their Creation myths.

And go thou also even unto the Sumerians, for they have a very good Flood story.

And put thou also therein plenty of sex and violence, that thy scroll may be a best seller.

And Moses bethought him of his wife, how that her voice was louder than those of all of the other Children of Israel.

And he besought the Lord again, saying: May I make a story putting women in their place? And the Lord answered: Do as seemest good to thee.

Nevertheless be of a discreet mind and go not too far, lest thou stir up dissension. And Moses heeded not the word of the Lord.

June F Langfield

1 I wandered by the banks of the River Jordan and the Lord came unto me as if in a dream saying:

2 "Moses, I perceive that thou hast a fair hand and that thou writest well. Verily, the style is well pleasing and thou knowest the rules of grammar and syntax."

3 I cried out to the Lord: "Lord I am a humble man and hearken to do Thy bidding only."

4 And the Lord said unto me: "Wisely hast thou spoken Moses. Yet shall I cause thee to write a great tale. It shall be written on rolls of papyrus and tablets of stone. Great shall be the tale and greater shall be its telling. And in the latter days men shall call it a best seller."

5 Then was my heart filled with joy for I should become a great author, foremost in the land.

6 Yet even then were my thoughts troubled and I cried unto the Lord: "But how shall the tale start? Praiseworthy must be the opening of so great a book."

7 And the Lord said unto me: "Moses, try this: 'In the beginning...'"

8 Verily this was good and scarce could I have done better.

Sid Field

This document is important, please read it at once. If you have an independent professional spiritual advisor, please contact them immediately.

If you delay in taking this offer you may lose some or all of your benefits. You may, subject to penalties, cancel or suspend, unilaterally and without notice this agreement.

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P A Fields

CHESS

There is a story of how a national paper decided there was sufficient public interest in a world championship match to justify the expense of sending a staff correspondent out to cover it. A pre-match briefing was arranged with a well-known English player. The reporter listened to the expert talking of the players' previous achievements, styles, opening preferences, etc, and explained the time-limits and duties a second is expected to perform by way of analysis and theoretical preparation. The interview was ending. Was there anything else before he left? "Oh, what's all this business about 1, ½, and 0?"

Although that question betrayed a fathomless profundity of ignorance, there is some point to considering the scoring system in chess. It is hard to make news out of draws. The interest and combativeness of a tournament is regularly measured by the proportion of decisive games. Yet two draws add up to as much in the tournament table as a win and a loss. Various suggestions have been advanced to discourage draws: eg, draws might be scored at less than ½, or a draw with Black might count for more than a draw with White. The trouble with such proposals is that it is in the nature of chess that a draw should be a perfectly legitimate and creditable result. Indeed, it is usually taken as an axiom that perfect play should produce a draw.

Actual drawn games are a motley kind, which in some sense have quite different values. There are pre-arranged draws which are little short of cheating, though outlawing them is scarcely feasible. There are cursory "grandmaster draws" which are a waste, and could be eliminated by reviving the FIDE regulation which prohibited agreed draws in less than 30 moves. But there are also bitterly protracted struggles in which players are brought to acknowledge that the battle has been fought to an unwinnable ending.

There are also brilliant short draws in which a peaceful result is forced through inherent balance between attack and defence. For example:

Hamppe-Meitner, Vienna 1873. Vienna Game.

1 e4 e5 2 Nc3 Bc5 Na4 Bxf2+ 4 Kxf2 Qh4+ 5 Ke3 Qf4+ 6 Kd3 d5 7 Kc3 Qxe4 8 Kb3 Na6 9 a3 White now threatens to run for cover with Nc3 and Ka2, so Black must resort to extreme measures. **Qxa4+! 10 Kxa4 Nc5+ 11 Kb4 a5+! 12 Kxc5 Ne7** White's King appears doomed to a lonely death, the threat being 13... b6+ and... Bd7 mate, or first 13... Bd7 and then... b6 mate. **13 Bb5+ Kd8 14 Bc6! b6+ 15 Kb5 Nxc6 16 Kxc6 Bb7+!** If now 16 Kxb7? Kd7 18 Qg4+ Kd6 the Black Rooks will finish the nomad's life. **17 Kb5 Ba6+ 18 Kc6** But not 18 Ka4? Bc4! when all the White King's men are powerless to stop... b5 mate. Bb7+ ½-½. Neither side can avoid the perpetual check on b7 and a6.

Another old-time example: **Halprin-Pillsbury. Munich 1900. Ruy Lopez, Berlin Defence.**

1 e4 e5 2 Nf3 Nc6 3 Bb5 Nf6. This line, a favourite with Lasker, is probably still as viable as any other defence to the Ruy. **4 0-0 Nxe4 5 d4 Nd6** White now casually leaves the Bb5 to be captured. This is only a pseudo-sacrifice—real ones soon follow! **6 dxe5 Nxb5 7 a4 d6 8 e6 fxe6 9 axb5 Ne7 10 Nc3 Ng6 11 Ng5 Be7 12 Qh5 Bxg5 13 Bxg5 Qd7 14 b6!** Breaking up the Black pawns and preparing to invest a Knight. **cxb6 15 Nd5! exd5** Black has to take on pain of 16 Nxb6 or 16 Ne7. **16 Rfe1+ Kf8 17 Ra3 Ne5** The only defence.

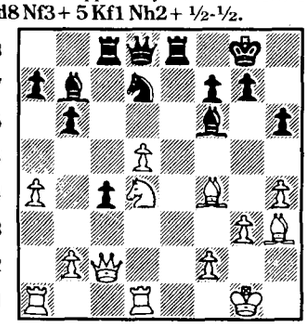
Likewise White has no choice but to sacrifice again. **18 Rxe5 dxe5 19 Rf3+ Kg8 20 Bh6! Qe7!** After 20... gxh6 21 Rg3+ Kf8 22 Qxe5 Rg8 23 Qf6+ White wins. **21 Bxg7! Kxg7 22 Rg3+ Kf8 23 Rf3+** ½-½. Once again, neither side can escape from the checking mechanism. The draw was in the position, like a seed.

Recently, one can think of the marvellous 21-move draw between Fischer and Tal at the Leipzig Olympiad of 1960 as an instance where both players deserved *more* than half a point. But actually short draws of high quality are a regular occurrence. Here's one from last year:

Dolmatov-Akopian, Erevan 1988. Petrov Defence.

1 e4 e5 2 Nf3 Nf6 The Petrov has a drawish reputation. Yet it is far from passive. Instead of defending his e-pawn Black attacks White's, and the game continues in this vein. **3 d4 Nxe4 4 Bd3 d5 5 Nxe5 Nd7 6 Nxd7 Bxd7 7 0-0 Qh4 8 c4 0-0-0 9 c5 g5 10 Nc3 Bg7 11 g3!?** There is danger in advancing a K-side pawn, but he wants to get rid of the outpost on e4. **Qh3 12 Nxe4 dxe4 13 Bxe4 Bb5!** Now 14 Re1? is weak because Black plays 14... Rxd4, then... Rxe4 and takes all the white squares. But 14 Bg2 Qf5 15 Qb3 is interesting. **14 Bxg5 Rxd4 15 Qb3 Rxe4 16 Qxb5 h6 17 Be3 Rh4!** If now 18 gxh4? Black can draw with 18... Qg4+ 19 Kh1 Qf3+ etc—or win with 18... Be5! **18 Rfd1 Qxh2+ 19 Kf1 Qh3+ 20 Ke1 Re4 21 c6!** White's attack arrives just in time to make Black take a perpetual. **Rxe3+ 22 fxe3 Qxg3+ 23 Ke2 Qg2+ 24 Ke1 Qg3+** ½-½

As a final peace offering, consider the diagram position, from Symslov-Geller, Candidates Match 1965. There seems to be some trouble for Black along the d-file, but he spies a draw: **1... Bxd5! 2 Nb5 Rc5 3 Bc7** Apparently decisive. **Ne5! 4 Bxd8 Nf3+ 5 Kf1 Nh2+** ½-½.



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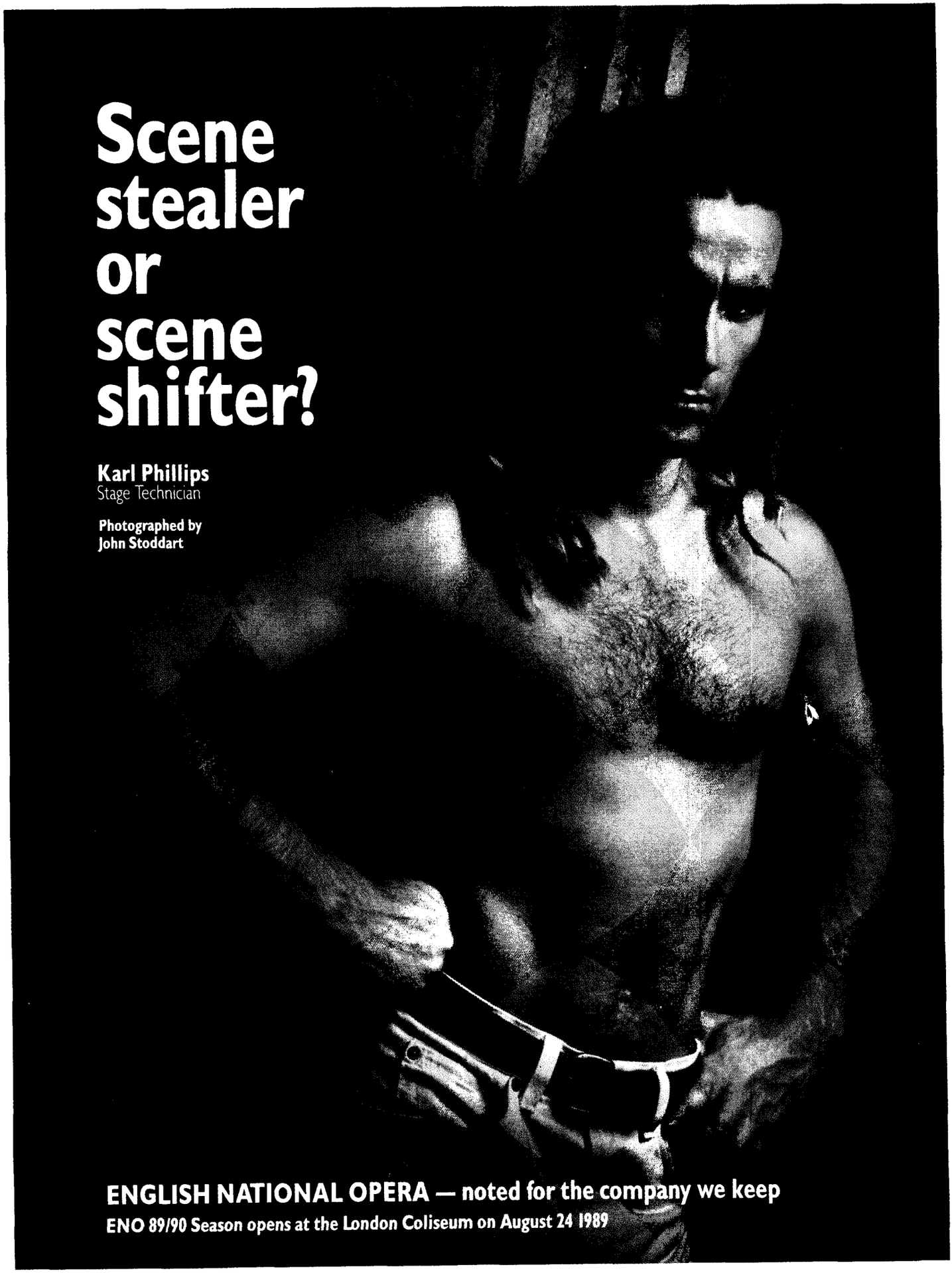
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